

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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No. 519 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

UNCHANGED.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY GEORGIAN D. S.

"Unchanging and unchanged"—my heart is thrilling
With a strange rapture never known before;
To night a flood of joy my soul is filling,
As I read thy dear letter o'er and o'er.
Each line is full of sadness—thou believest
That she who loved thee hath grown cold,
estranged!
Still, while o'er this sad change thy fond heart grieves,
Thou writest, "I'm unchanging and unchanged."

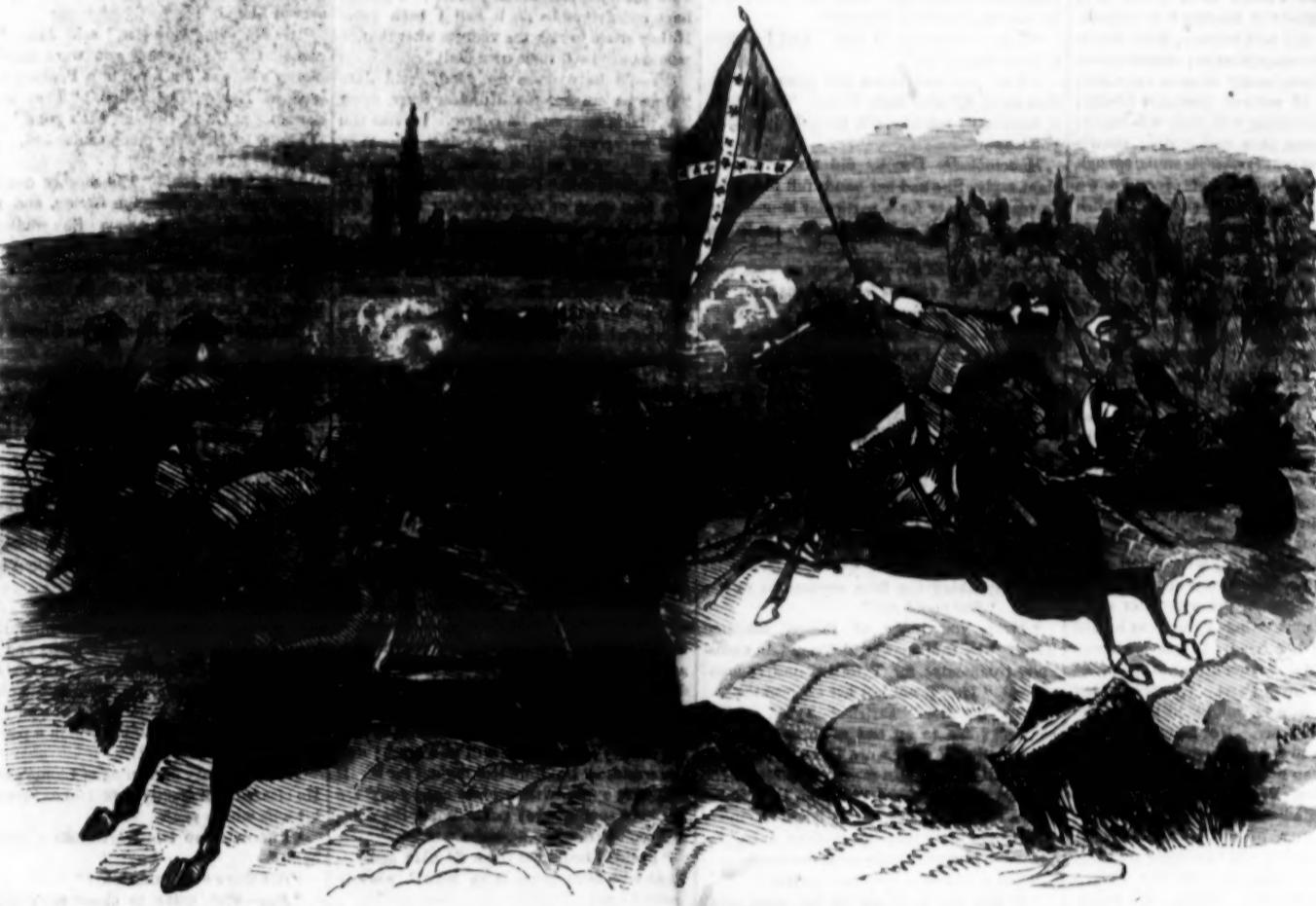
O! lone and weary through the wilds I wandered,
Pleading for love with fond and anxious prayer;
My heart's rich treasures lavishly I squandered,
And for return I gained a crown of care.
My idols turned to clay—I vainly yearning
For one familiar voice to speak to me;
Weary—unto despair my grief was turning,
When I found hope and tenderness in thee.

And thou didst promise to protect and guide me,
To lead me through fair paths where flowers bloom;
And should dark storms and dreary days be-tide me,
To strive with all thy strength to break the gloom.
Well hast thou kept thy promise; friend and lover,
Both hast thou been since that blest day to me;
Angels of peace and love have seemed to hover
Around me as I held converse with thee.
We have been parted long—but letters dearer
Than e'er I dreamt that written words could be,
Have drawn me unto thee, love, closer, nearer,
And I have lived on love and memory.
Still thou hast fancied that my heart is roving,
The woe I breathed have not been truly kept—
Oh! how my heart, with all its wealth of loving,
Ached at the charge—and how mine eyes have wept.

But 'tis not so! thou art to me the dearest;
No other love can fill this soul of mine;
Beloved, thou art still the best and nearest,
So doubt me not, I am forever thine.
Come when thou wilt, with welcome warm
I'll meet thee,

Thou'lt find, mine own, that I am not estranged;
Oh! how I yearn with words of love to greet thee,
To prove that "I'm unchanging and unchanged."

CROSSES.—If God has sent thee a cross, take it up, and follow him; use it wisely, lest it be unprofitable; bear it patiently, lest it be intolerable; behold in it God's anger against sin, and his love towards thee in punishing the one, and chastening the other. If it be light, slight it not; if heavy, murmur not. Not to be sensible of a judgment, is the symptom of a hardened heart; and to be displeased at his pleasure, is a sign of a rebellious will.



CAPTURE OF A REBEL FLAG.

The above, engraved expressly for The Post from the N. Y. Illustrated News, represents the capture of a rebel battle flag by the 8th Illinois cavalry, Col. Farnsworth, near Poolesville, Maryland.

VERNER'S PRIDE.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

AUTHOR OF "THE CHANNING," "EAST LYNN," "THE EARL'S HEIRS,"
"A LIFE'S SECRET," ETC.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1862, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XXIX.

A SPECIAL VISION TOUCHING MRS. PECKABY.

Not until summer, when the days were long and the nights short, did the marriage of Lionel Verner take place. Lady Verner declined to be present at it; Decima and Lucy were. It was a grand ceremony, of course; that is, it would have been grand, but for an ignominious interruption which occurred to mar it. At the very moment they were at the altar, Lionel placing the ring on his bride's finger, and all around wrapped in breathless silence, in a transport of enthusiasm, the bridesmaids uncertain whether they must go off in hysterics or not, there tore into the church Master Dan Duff, in a state of extreme terror and ragged shirt sleeves, fighting his way against those who would have impeded him, and shouting out at the top of his voice:

"Mother was took with the choleric, and she'd die right off if Mr. Jan didn't make haste to her."

Upon which Jan, who had positively no more sense of what was due to society than Dan Duff himself had, went flying away and then, muttering something about "those poisonous mushrooms" and so, they were made man and wife; Lionel, had not failed to have his suspicions aroused. Unfortunately Peckaby yielded unremittingly to the temptation, and spent every evening there, leaving full sway to his wife, his house, and Brother Jarrum.

That something unusual was in the wind, was very evident; some scheme, or project, which it appeared expedient to keep a secret.

Had Peckaby been a little less fond of the seductions of the Plough and Harrow, he had

not failed to have his suspicions aroused.

Unfortunately Peckaby yielded unremittingly to the temptation, and spent every evening there, leaving full sway to his wife, his house, and Brother Jarrum.

The seed, scattered broadcast by Brother Jarrum, had had time to fructify. He had left the glowing promises of all that awaited them, did they decide to voyage out to New Jerusalem, to take root in the imaginations of his listeners, and absented himself for a time from Deerham. This may have been crafty policy on Brother Jarrum's part; or may have resulted from necessity. It was hardly

likely that so talented and enlightened an apostle as Brother Jarrum, should confine his labors to the limited sphere of Deerham; in all probability, they had to be put in requisition elsewhere. However it may have been, for several weeks towards the end of spring, Brother Jarrum was away from Deerham. Mr. Bitterworth, and one or two more influential people, of whom Lionel was one, had very strongly objected to Brother Jarrum's presence in it at all; and, again, this may have been the reason of his quitting it. However it was, he did quit it; though not without establishing a secret understanding with the more faithful of his converts. With the exception of these converts, Deerham thought he had left it for good; that it was, as they not at all politely expressed it, "shut of him." In this, Deerham was mistaken.

On the very day of Lionel Verner's marriage, Brother Jarrum reappeared in the place. He took up his abode, as before, in Mrs. Peckaby's spare room. Peckaby, this time held out against it. However welcome the four shillings rent, weekly, was from Brother Jarrum, Peckaby assumed a lordly indifference to it, and protested he'd rather starve, nor have pison like him in the house.

Peckaby, however, possessed a wife, who on occasion wore, metaphorically speaking, his mother garments, and it was her will and pleasure to countenance the expectant guest.

Brother Jarrum, therefore, was received and welcomed.

He did not hold forth this time in Peckaby's shop.

He did not in public urge the delights of New Jerusalem, or the expediency of departure for it. He kept himself quiet and retired, receiving visits in the privacy of his chamber. After dark, especially, friends would drop in; admitted without noise or bustle by Mrs. Peckaby; parties of ones, of twos, of threes, until there would be quite an assembly collected upstairs; why should not Brother Jarrum hold his levees as well as his betters?

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About a month thus passed on, and Lionel Verner and his wife were expected home, when Deerham woke up one morning to a commotion. A flitting had taken place from it in the night. Brother Jarrum had departed, conveying with him a train of followers.

One of the first to hear of it was Jan Ver-

nern, the lady at Chalk Cottage, Jan, who, let him be called abroad in the night as he would, was always up with the sun, stood one morning in his surgery, between seven and eight o'clock, when he was surprised by the entrance of Mrs. Baynton; a little woman, with a meek, pinched face, and gray hair. Since Dr. West's departure, Jan had attended the sickly daughter, therefore he knew Mrs. Baynton, but he had never seen her abroad in his life. Her bonnet looked ten years old. Her daughters were named—at least, they were called—Flore and Kitty; Kitty being the sickly one. To see Mrs. Baynton arrive thus, Jan jumped to the conclusion that Kitty must be dying.

"Is she ill again?" he hastily asked, with his usual absence of ceremony.

"She's gone," gasped Mrs. Baynton.

"Gone—dead?" asked Jan, with wondering eyes.

"She's gone off with the Mormons."

Jan stood upright against the counter, and stared at the old lady. He could not understand.

"Who is gone off with the Mormons?" was his rejoinder.

"Kitty is. Oh, Mr. Jan, think of her sufferings! A journey, like that, before her! All the way to that dreadful place! I have heard that even strong women die on the road of the hardships."

Jan had stood with open mouth. "Is she mad?" he questioned.

"She has not been much better than mad since—since—but I don't wish to go into family troubles. Can you give me Dr. West's address?" She might come back for him."

Now Jan had received positive commands from that wandering physician not to give his address to chance applicants; the inmates of Chalk Cottage having come in for a special interdiction. Therefore Jan could only decline.

"He is moving about from one place to another," said Jan. "To-day in Switzerland, to-morrow in France; the next day in the moon, for what we can tell. You can give me a letter, and I'll try and get it conveyed to him, somehow."

Mrs. Baynton shook her head.

"It would be too late. I thought if I

could telegraph to him, he might have got to Liverpool in time to stop Kitty. There's

a large migration of Mormons to take place in a day or two, and they are collecting at Liverpool."

"Go and stop her yourself," said Jan, seriously.

"She'd not come back for me," replied Mrs. Baynton, in a depressed tone.

"What with her delicate health and what with her

willfulness, I have always had trouble with her. Dr. West was the only one—but I can't refer to those matters. Flore is broken heart-

ed. Poor Flore! she has never given me an hour's grief in her life. Kitty has given me little else. And now to go off with the Mormons!"

"Who has she gone with?"

"With the rest from Deerham. They have gone off in the night. That Brother Jarrum and company of about fifteen, they say."

Jan could scarcely keep from exploding into laughter. Part of Deerham gone off to join the Mormons!

"Is it a fact?" cried he.

"It is a fact that they are gone," replied Mrs. Baynton.

"She has been out several times in an evening to hear that Brother Jarrum, and had got infected with the Mormon doctrine. In spite of what I or Flore say, she would go to listen to the man, and she grew to believe the foolish things he uttered. And you can't give me Dr. West's address?"

"No, I can't," replied Jan. "And I see no good that it would be to you, if I could. He could not get to Liverpool in time, from wherever he may be, if the flight is to take place in a day or two."

"Perhaps not," sighed Mrs. Baynton. "I was unwilling to come, but it seemed like a forlorn hope."

She let down her old crimp veil as she went out at the door; and Jan, all curious for particulars, went abroad to see what he could learn.

About fifteen had gone off, not including children. Grind's lot, as it was called, meaning Grind, his wife, and their young ones; Davies had gone, Mary Green had gone, Nancy from Verner's Pride had gone, and sundry others whom it is not necessary to enumerate. It was said that Dinah Roy made preparations to go, but her heart failed her at the last. Other accounts ran that she did start, but was summarily brought up by the appearance of her husband, who went after her. At his sight she turned without a word, and walked home again, meekly submitting to the correction he saw fit to inflict.

Jan did not believe this. His private opinion was that Dinah Roy started her husband would have deemed it a red letter day, and never have sought to bring her back.

Last, but not least, Mrs. Peckaby had gone.

No; for Brother Jarrum had stolen a march upon her. What his motive, in doing this might be, was best known to himself.

Of all the converts, none had been so eager

for the emigration, so fondly anticipative of the promised delights, as Susan Peckaby;

and she had made her own private arrangements to steal off secretly, leaving her unbelieveable husband to his solitary fate.

As it turned out, however, she was herself left; the happy company stole off, and abandoned her.

Brother Jarrum so contrived it, that the night fixed for the exodus, was kept secret from Mrs. Peckaby. She did not know that he had even gone out of the house, till she got up in the morning and found him absent. Brother Jarrum's personal luggage was not of an extensive character. It was contained in a blue bag, and this bag was likewise missing. Not, even then, did a shadow of the cruel treachery played her, darken the spirit of Mrs. Peckaby. Her faith in Brother Jarrum was of an unlimited extent; she would as soon have thought of deceiving her own self, as that he could deceive. The rumor that the migration had taken place, the company off, awoke her from her happy security to a state of raving torture. Peckaby dodged out of her way, afraid. There is no knowing but Peckaby himself may have been the stumbling block in the mind of Brother Jarrum. A man so dead against the Latter Day Saints as Peckaby had shown himself, might be a difficult customer to deal with. He might be capable of following them and upsetting the minds of all the Deerham converts, did his wife start with them for New Jerusalem.

All this information was gathered by Jan. Jan had heard nothing for many a day that tickled his fancy. He bent his steps to Peckaby's, and went in. Jan, you know, was troubled neither with pride nor ceremony; nobody less so in all Deerham. Where inclination took him, there went Jan.

Peckaby, all black, with a bar of iron in his hand, a leather apron on, and a broad grin upon his countenance, was coming out of the door as Jan entered. The affair seemed to tickle Peckaby's fancy as much as it tickled Jan's. He touched Jan's.

She finished up with a storm of sobs. Jan, in an ecstasy of mirth yet, offered to send her some cordials from the surgery, by way of consolation; not, however, the precise one suggested by Peckaby. But cordials had no charm in that unhappy apartment for Mrs. Peckaby's heart.

Jan departed. In quitting the door he encountered a stranger, who inquired if that was Peckaby's shop. Jan fancied the man looked something like the son of Brother Jarrum, and sent him in. His coat and boots were white with dust. Looking around on the assembled women when he reached the kitchen, the stranger asked which was Mrs. Peckaby. Mrs. Peckaby looked up, and signified that she was.

"I have a message from the saint and elder, Brother Jarrum," he mysteriously whispered in her ear. "It must be given to you in private."

Mrs. Peckaby, in a tremble of delight, led the stranger to a small shed in the yard, which she used for washing purposes, and called the back'us. It was the most private place she could think of in her fluster. The stranger, propping himself against a broken tub, proceeded, with some circumlocution and not remarkable perspicuity of speech, to deliver the message with which he was charged. It was to the effect that a vision had revealed to Brother Jarrum the startling fact, that Susan Peckaby was not to go out with the crowd at present on the wing. A higher destiny awaited her. She would be sent for in a different manner—in a more important form; sent for special, on a quadruped. That is to say, on a white donkey."

"On a white donkey?" echoed the trembling and joyful woman.

"On a white donkey, gravely repeated the brother—for that he was another brother of the community, there could be little doubt. "What the special honor intended for you may be, me and Brother Jarrum don't pretend to guess at. It's above us. Maybe you are fated to be chosen by our great prophet himself. Any how, it's something at the top of the tree."

"When shall I be sent for, sir?" eagerly asked Mrs. Peckaby.

"That ain't revealed neither. It may be next week—it mayn't be for a year; you must always be on the lookout. One of those days or nights, you'll see a white donkey standing at your door. It'll be the messenger for you from New Jerusalem. You mount him without a minute's loss of time, and come off."

But that Mrs. Peckaby's senses were exalted, just now, far above the level of ordinary mortals, it might have occurred to her to inquire whether the donkey would be endowed with the miraculous power of bearing her over the sea. No such common question presented itself. She asked another.

"Why couldn't Brother Jarrum have told me this himself, sir? I have been a'most mad this morning, ever since I found as they had gone."

The brother—this brother—turned up the whites of his eyes.

"When unknown things are revealed to us, and mysterious orders give, they never come to us a minute before the time," he replied. "Not till Brother Jarrum was fixing the night of departure, did the vision come to him. It was commanded him that it should be kept from you till the rest were off, and then he were to send back to tell you—and many a mile I've come! Brother Jarrum and me has no doubt that it is meant as a trial of your faith."

Nothing could be more satisfactory to the mind of Mrs. Peckaby, than this explanation. Had any mysterious vision appeared to herself, showing her that it was false, commanding her to disbelieve it, it could not have shaken her faith. If the white donkey arrived at her door that very night, she would be sure to mount him.

"Do you think it'll be very long, sir, that I shall have to wait?" she resumed, feverishly listening for the answer.

"My impression is, that it'll be very short," was the reply. "And it's Brother Jarrum's also. Any way, you be on the look-out—always prepared. Have a best robe at hand, continual, ready to clasp on, the instant the quadruped appears, and come right away to New Jerusalem."

In the openness of her heart, Mrs. Peckaby offered refreshment to the brother. The best her house afforded: which was not much. Peckaby should be condemned to go foodless for a week, rather than that he should depart fasting. The brother, however, declined; he appeared to be in a hurry to leave Deerham behind him.

"I'd not disclose this to anybody if I was you," was his parting salutation. "Least ways, not for a day or two. Let the ruck of 'em embark first at Liverpool. If it gets wind, some of them may be fortunally crusty, because they are not favored with special animals, too."

Had the brother recommended Susan Peckaby to fill the tub with water, and stand head downwards in it for a day or two, she was in the mood to obey him. Accordingly, when questioned by Mrs. Duff, and the other curious ones, what had been the business of the stranger, she made a great mystery over it, and declined to answer.

"It's good news, by the signs of your face," remarked Mrs. Duff.

"Good news!" rapturously repeated Susan Peckaby. "It's heaven, I say, Mother Duff, I want a new gown: something of the very best. I'll pay for it by degrees. There ain't no time to be lost, neither; so I'll come down at once and choose it."

"What has happened?" was the wondering rejoinder of Mother Duff.

"Never you mind, just yet. I'll tell you about it after the week's out."

And accordingly, before the week was out, all Deerham was regaled with the news; full particulars. And Susan Peckaby, a robe of purple of the stuff called lustre, laid up in state, to be donned when the occasion came,

A fact.

passed her time, night and day, at her door and windows, looking out for the white donkey that was to bear her in triumph to New Jerusalem.

CHAPTER XXX.

A SURPRISE FOR MRS. TYNNE.

In the commodious dressing room at Verne's Pride, appropriated to its new mistress, Mrs. Verner, stood the housekeeper, Tynn, lifting her hands and her eyes. You once saw the chamber of John Massingbird, in this same house, in a tolerable litter; but that was as nothing, compared with the litter in this dressing room, piles and piles of it, one heap by the side of another. Mary Tynn had screwed against the wainscoting of the wall; she had got in, but to get out was another matter: there was not a free place where she could put her foot. Strictly speaking, perhaps, it could not be called litter, and Mrs. Verner and her French maid would have been alike indignant at hearing it so classified. Robes of rich and rare texture; silks standing on end with magnificence; dinner attire, than which nothing could be more exquisite; ball dresses in all sorts of gossamer fabrics; under skirts, glistening with their soft lustre; morning costumes, pure and costly; shawls of Cashmere and other *recherché* stuffs, enough to stock a shop; mantles of every known make; bonnets that would send an English milliner crazy; veils charming to look upon; laces that might rival Lady Verner's embroidery, whose price was fabulous; handkerchiefs that surely never were made for use; dozens of delicately-tinted gloves, cased in ornamental boxes, costing as much as they did; every description of expensive chausseur; and trinkets, the drawn cheques for which must have caused Lionel Verner's sober bankers to stare. Tynn might well have her hands and eyes in dismay. On the chairs, on the tables, on the drawers, on the floor, on every conceivable place, and space they lay, a goodly mass of vanity, just unpacked from their cases.

Flitting about amidst them, was a damsel of coquettish appearance, with a fair skin, light hair, and her nose a turn up. Her grey gown was flounced to the waist, her small cap of lace, its pink strings flying, was lodged on the back of her head. It was Mademoiselle Benoite, Mrs. Verner's French maid, one she had picked up in Paris. Whatever other qualities the damsel might lack, she had enough of confidence. Not many hours yet in the house, and she was assuming more authority in it than her mistress did.

Mr. and Mrs. Verner had returned the night before, Mademoiselle Benoite and her packages making part of their train. A whole fourgon could not have been sufficient to convey these packages from the French capital to the frontier. Phoeby, the simple country maid whom Sibylla had taken to Paris with her, found her place a sinecure since the engagement of Mademoiselle Benoite. She stood now on the opposite side of the room to Tynn, humbly waiting Mademoiselle Benoite's imperious commands.

"Where on earth will you stow 'em away?" cried Tynn, in her wonder. "You'll want a length of rooms to do it in." "Where I stow 'em away?" retorted Mademoiselle Benoite, in her fluent speech, but broken English. "I stow 'em where I please. Note you that, Madame Teen. For example! The chateau is grand enough."

"What has its grandeur got to do with it?" was Mary Tynn's answer. She knew but little of French phrases.

"Now, then, what for you stand there, with your eyes staring and your hands idle?" demanded Mademoiselle Benoite sharply, turning her attack on Phoeby.

"If you'll tell me what to do, I'll do it," replied the girl. "I could help to put the things up, if you'd tell me where to begin."

"Am I to be at the beck and call of that French madam?" she resentfully asked.—

"I was not engaged for that, Mrs. Tynn."

"It seems we are all to be at her beck and call, to hear her go on," was Mrs. Tynn's wrathful rejoinder. "Of course it can't be tolerated. We shall see in a day or two, Phoeby, girl, what could possess Mrs. Verner to buy all them cart loads of finery? She must have spent the money like water."

"So she did," acquiesced Phoeby. "She did nothing all day long but drive about from one place to another and choose pretty things. You should see the china that's coming over!"

"I wonder Mr. Lionel let her," was the thoughtlessly spoken reply of Tynn. And she tried, when too late, to cough it down.

"He helped her, I think," answered Phoeby. "I know he bought some of that beautiful jewelry for her himself, and brought it home. I saw him kiss her through the doorway, as he clasped that pink necklace on her neck."

"Is it the coffee that you are abusing?" asked she. "What was the matter with it?"

"Ciel! You ask what the matter with it?" returned Mademoiselle Benoite, in her rapid tongue. "It was everything the matter with it. It was all bad. It was drogue, I say; medicina. There!"

"Well, I'm sure!" resentfully returned the housekeeper. "Now, I happened to make that coffee myself this morning Tynn, he's particular in his coffee, he is—and I put in—"

"I not care if you put in the whole canastre," vehemently interrupted Mademoiselle Benoite. "You English know not to make coffee. All the two years I lived in London with Madame la Duchesse, I never got one cup of coffee that was not enough to choke me. And they used pounds of it in the house, where they might have used ounces. Bah! You can make tea, I not say no; but you cannot make coffee. Now, then! I want a great number of sheets of silk paper."

"Silk paper?" repeated Tynn, whom the item puzzled. "What's that?"

"You know not what silk paper is?" angrily returned Mademoiselle Benoite. "*Quelle ignorance!*" she apostrophized, not caring whether she was understood or not. "Ets ne connaît pas ce que c'est, papier-de-soie! I must have it, and a great deal of it, do you

hear? It is as common as anything—paper."

"Things common in France mayn't be common with us," retorted Mrs. Tynn. "What is it for?"

"It is for some of these articles. If I put them by without the paper-silk round them in the cartons, they'll not keep their color."

"Perhaps you mean silver paper," said Mary Tynn. "Tissue-paper, I have heard my Lady Verner call it. There's none in the house, Mademoiselle Benoite."

"Mademoiselle Benoite" stamped her foot. "A house without silk-paper in it! When you know my lady was coming home!"

"I didn't know she'd bring—a host of things with her that she has brought," was the answering shaft launched by Mrs. Tynn.

"Don't you see that I am waiting? Will you send out for some?"

"It's not to be had in Deerham," said Mrs. Tynn. "It must be had, one of the men must go to Heartburg. Why won't the paper do that was over 'em before?"

"There not enough of that. And I choose to have fresh, I do."

"Well, you had better give your own orders about it," said Mary Tynn. "And then if there's any mistake, it'll be nobody's fault, you know."

Mademoiselle Benoite did not on the instant reply. She had her hands full just then. In reaching over for a particular bonnet, she managed to turn a dozen or two on to the floor.

Tynn watched the picking up process, and listened to the various ejaculations that accompanied it, in much grimness.

"What a sight of money those things must have cost!" cried she.

"What that matter?" returned the lady's maid. "The purse of a minor Anglia can stand anything."

"What did she buy them for?" went on Tynn. "For what purpose?"

"Bon!" ejaculated Mademoiselle Benoite. "She buy them to wear. What else you suppose she buy them for?"

"Why! she would never wear out the half of them in all her whole life!" uttered Tynn, speaking the true sentiments of her heart. "She could not."

"Much you know of things, Madame Teen!" was the answer, delivered in undisguised contempt for Tynn's primitive ignorance. "They'll not last her six months."

"Six months!" shrieked Tynn. "She couldn't come to an end of them dresses in six months, if she wore three a day, and never put on a dress a second time!"

"She want to wear more than three different a day sometimes. And it not the mode now to put on a robe more than once," retorted Mademoiselle Benoite, carelessly.

Tynn could only open her mouth.

"If they are to be put on but once, what becomes of 'em afterwards?" questioned she, when she could find breath to speak.

"Oh, the good for jupons—petticoats, you call it. Some may be worn a second time; they can be changed by other trimmings to look new. And the rest will be good for me. Madame la Duchesse gave me a great deal. 'Tenez ma fille,' she would say, 'regardez dans ma garde robe, et prenez au gré que vous voudrez.' She always spoke to me in French."

Tynn wished there had been no French invented, so far as her comprehension was concerned. While she stood, undecided what reply to make, wishing very much to express her decided opinion upon the extravagance she saw around her, yet deferred from it by remembering that Mrs. Verner was now her mistress, Phoeby entered with the chocolate. The girl put it down on the mantelpiece; there was no other place; and then made a sign to Mrs. Tynn that she wished to speak with her. They both left the room.

"I like to see you dare to put a finger on one of these things!" returned Mademoiselle Benoite. "You can confine your services to sewing, and to waiting upon me, but not to interfere with my lady's toilette. Then, I am capable, I hope! I'd give up the best service to morrow where I had not sole power! Go you down to the office, and order me a cup of chocolate, and wait you and bring it up to me. That mandine drogue, that coffee, this morning, has made me as bitter as a panther."

Phoeby, glancing across at Mrs. Tynn, turned somewhat hesitatingly to pick her way out of the room. The housekeeper, though not half understanding, contrived to make out that the morning coffee was not approved of. The French mademoiselle had breakfasted with her, and, in Mrs. Tynn's opinion, the coffee had been perfect, fit for the table of her betters.

"Is it the coffee that you are abusing?" asked she. "What was the matter with it?"

"Ciel! You ask what the matter with it?" returned Mademoiselle Benoite, in her rapid tongue. "It was everything the matter with it. It was all bad. It was drogue, I say; medicina. There!"

"Well, I'm sure!" resentfully returned the housekeeper. "Now, I happened to make that coffee myself this morning Tynn, he's particular in his coffee, he is—and I put in—"

"I not care if you put in the whole canastre," vehemently interrupted Mademoiselle Benoite. "You English know not to make coffee. All the two years I lived in London with Madame la Duchesse, I never got one cup of coffee that was not enough to choke me. And they used pounds of it in the house, where they might have used ounces. Bah! You can make tea, I not say no; but you cannot make coffee. Now, then! I want a great number of sheets of silk paper."

"Silk paper?" repeated Tynn, whom the item puzzled. "What's that?"

"You have not what silk paper is?" angrily returned Mademoiselle Benoite. "*Quelle ignorance!*" she apostrophized, not caring whether she was understood or not. "Ets ne connaît pas ce que c'est, papier-de-soie! I must have it, and a great deal of it, do you

know? Jan, was Jan Verner. Jan had come in to pay them a visit and congratulate them on their return. That is speaking somewhat figuratively, however; for Jan possessed no notion of congratulating anybody. As Lady Verner sometimes resentfully said, Jan had no more social politeness in him than a bear. Upon entering, Sibylla asked him to take some breakfast. Breakfast I echoed Jan, did she call that breakfast? He thought it was lunch: it was getting on for his dinner-time. Jan was giving Lionel a history of the moonlight flitting, and of Susan Peckaby's expected expedition to New Jerusalem on a white donkey.

"It ought to have been stopped," said Lionel. "They are going out to misery, and to nothing else, poor deluded creatures!"

"Who was to stop it?" asked Jan.

"Some one might have told them the truth. If this Brother Jarrum represented things in rose-colored hues, could nobody open to their view the other side of the picture? I should have endeavored to do it, had I been here. If they chose to risk the venture after that, it would have been their own fault."

"You'd have done no good," said Jan.

"Once let 'em get the Mormon fever upon 'em, and it must run its course. It's like the gold fever; nothing will convince folks they are mistakes as to that, except the going out to Australia to the Diggings. That will."

A faint tinge of brighter color rose to Sibylla's cheeks at this allusion, and Lionel knit his brow. He would have avoided for ever any chain of thought that led his memory to Frederick Massingbird: he could not bear to think that his young bride had been another's before she was his. Jan, happily ignorant, continued.

"Sibylla looked very much astonished.

"No!" he uttered.

"Fact," said Jan. "The mother came to me the morning after the flitting, and said she had been seduced away. She wanted to telegraph to Dr. West."

Jan stopped dead, remembering that Sibylla was present, as well as Lionel. He leaped off the sofa.

"Ah, we shall see them all back some day, if they can only contrive to elude the vigilance of the Mormons. I'm off, Lionel; old Payton will think I am not coming to-day. Good-bye, Sibylla."

Jan hastened from the room. Lionel stood at the window, and watched him away. Sibylla glided up to her husband, nestling against him.

"Lionel, tell me. Jan never would, though I nearly tensed his life out; and Deborah and Amilly persisted that they knew nothing. You tell me."

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subjected to the same system of plunder and outrage from the agents of the Government, which has been pursued so generally towards the Indian tribes.

The truth is, that underlying all our present troubles, and the direct and indirect sources of the whole of them, are our own injustice and selfishness. Not only as a nation, but as individuals, we have given ourselves up almost exclusively to the pursuit of our own selfish interests. To get money and land—more money and more land—fairly or unfairly—has been the great aim of our people, both as a nation and as individuals. The present time seems to be a great settling day—and all our sins are coming home to us at once. For the Universe is constructed on different principles—on the principles of Justice and Right—and nothing will long stand securely that is built on the basis of injustice and fraud.

It will be a slow work, this coming back to honesty and justice, judging by the amount of official and unofficial peculation that is now going on all around us. One sign that we have come back to them, will be found in the existence of a belief that our public men and office-holders are usually honest, and true to their respective trusts. Now, no one believes this to be generally the case. It is at present the common belief that in the civil government, as well as in the army, there is a vast amount of fraud. Ask the ladies who are interesting themselves in the hospitals, what they think of the honesty of surgeons and quarter-masters, and they probably will express themselves in very unflattering terms relative thereto. One good sign however we do know of, that the honesty of our highest public men, and highest military and naval officers, with a few exceptions, is generally undoubted. This is a cheering fact.

Several things our people have to learn. First, to reject and despise all dishonesty and injustice in the striving after wealth, whether national or individual. Secondly, to learn that the choice of proper rulers and officers is a matter that concerns the deepest interests of every man, and that it is therefore despicable and shameful for any one to make a boast that "he takes no part nor interest in politics." Thirdly, to see to it that the offices of the country are filled with intelligent and honest men—men who will do their duty to the best of their knowledge and ability—and not with mere unprincipled adventurers and fain't demagogues, who have neither high character nor true ability, but whose only object is to promote their own selfish interests. Until these things are learned by our people in the hard school of adversity, we shall not be able to enjoy peace and security, whatever may be our apparent power and prosperity. If we have no other enemies, they will continue to be those of our own household. Present events should teach the dulles that it is impossible to preserve a Republican government, except upon the broad basis of general intelligence and general morality. If this broad basis fails, the destruction of the Republic, and it may be of all peace and security, is inevitable.

OUR ENGLISH FRIENDS.

Geo. Francis Train has commenced a lecturing tour in this country against England. He has no cause to love the British, but if he wants to serve his country he will turn his guns against the rebels. There is already ill-will enough between England and America.

So says a contemporary, and we agree with it. We, for one, want no war with England, France, or anybody else. By the time we get through the present conflict, we shall have debt enough, and taxation enough, and sorrow enough, and bloodshed enough, and trouble enough in all ways, to satisfy the most quarrelsome and malevolent. We are opposed to any more fighting just for the purpose of keeping our hand in, or punishing and enlightening foreign folly.

One excellent result the foolish articles in the English journals are working out, and that is our complete emancipation from all mental and colonial bondage to Europe. Our people, especially the scholars and thinkers, no longer care a jot for what the leading English journals say. Their denunciations are now simply food for laughter—we do not even honor them sufficiently to get angry at them. How can we—they are so supremely stupid and ridiculous. Just to think, for instance, of the *London Times* taking the recent outpouring of the militia of this state as a proof of our growing *disloyalty* to the Federal Government! How could we longer have the least respect for the opinions of men who make such monstrous blunders? The song says—

"If you're an angel, where's your wings?"

We may say to the self-esteeming lions of the London press, if you are not donkeys why do you show such long ears?

Mr. Train gets angry at these stupidities—instead of laughing at them. He does not seem to see the good they are doing in redeeming us from our old absurd deference to European opinion—that last relic of the colonial era. He does not see that in this war we are working out our intellectual independence of Europe—and that we have really cause to thank the leading English writers, instead of getting angry with them. Blessed be our enemies—they are doing us more good than they know or mean.

English opinion will be all right, as soon as we thrash the rebels. The *Times* will chop around as suddenly as it did some years ago from Whig to Tory, and preach funeral orations at the grave of the "Southern Confederacy," of the most edifying and instructive character. There is one thing our English friends, like mankind in general, understand perfectly, and that is success—there is no use in trying to enlighten them by any other means, for that is the speediest and surest. In the meantime, so long as it pleases them, and does not hurt us, let them utter any amount of nonsense and absurdity they can think of.

PROFANITY.

The profanity which prevails among soldiers generally, is a thing greatly to be deplored, and the officers should endeavor to banish it from their companies and regiments, not only by precept but by example. We are pleased to see that Gen. Howard has made an effort in the right direction, by issuing the following order:

General Order No. 20.—The General commanding this division has noticed with extreme pain, on the part of officers and men, the constant and very general use of profane oaths. He need not remind any thinking man of the vulgarity and meanness of this practice, nor speak of it as a positive violation of God's law, but will simply appeal to the good sense and better feelings of the members of his command, and urge them by all they hold dear, to abstain from insulting Him whose protection they need. By command of Gen. O. O. Howard.

We hope our other Generals of divisions will follow Gen. Howard's example, and do all they can to discourage so vulgar and shameful a practice.

THE BLACK FLAG.

We see that the rebels are talking about raising the "black flag" in return for the President's proclamation of emancipation. Of course all inhumanity to the prisoners and the wounded, is a game that two can play at. Men that have openly enlisted Indians to fight their battles, and instigated the recent savage massacres in Minnesota, are pretty men to lecture us upon humanity! Let them talk of black flags, or of red flags, there is one flag to which they are bound to come within the next nine months, and that is the white one.

THE PEACE CANARD.

The recent story relative to peace propositions having been submitted by the rebels was doubtless a mere canard, got up either for political or stock-jobbing purposes—probably the latter.

THE LATE INVASION.—Judging from the recent state paper of the Governor of Maryland, the menaced invasion has produced a conviction in that state similar to that which it produced in this, that Maryland and Pennsylvania are essentially one in a military point of view. Gov. Bradford says:

To Gov. Curtin, of Pennsylvania, and the militia of his state, who rallied with such alacrity at the first symptoms of an invasion, our warmest thanks are also due. The readiness with which they crossed the border and took their stand beside the Maryland brigade, shows that the border is in all respects but an ideal line, and that in such a cause as now unites us, Pennsylvania and Maryland are but one.

CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.

"JEFFERSON DAVIS is a great man. His quarrel is a better and a fairer one than that of WASHINGTON."—*London Morning Herald*.

"Accustomed as we are to the constant boasting of the North, which grows louder and louder in proportion as its prospects grow darker and darker, we read with much pleasure the measured and statesmanlike language in which the Southern President pays a well-earned tribute to the gallantry and good conduct of the troops, deplores the desolating war, and expresses his confidence of a final triumph in the struggle against despotic usurpation."—*London Times*.

But a few years ago this same JEFFERSON DAVIS, now held up as the Land of the West's *rata avis*, was denounced as an ill-bred, his own nest being,

those tick-splitter sheets that his praises are howling.

In those days, by a clever executive quip, he disavowed the just debts of his State—Mississippi—

And from all the good things by true Christians respected,

With St. Paul held that "bonds" might be justly excepted.

Ah! then down on him came both the *Times* and the *Herald*,

How his rogue's back was scored, how his knuckles were furred.

He was swindler, and shuffler, and knave democratic,

And a dozen of other names equally Attic;

Yea, the whole British press, playing "Follow-my-leader,"

Damned in chorus the yet undeveloped Seceder.

Then was slavery lugged in, and each London journal

Sware that robbery was twin to that system internal;

While the Exeter Hall folk, unable to smother

Their inordinate love for "a man and a brother,"

The South unto Sodom compared, and the culphur

Professed they could smell, that would surely engulf her;

Yelled the Press, yelled the Church, yelled one-

half of the nation,

And the cause was JEFF. DAVIS AND REPUDIATION

Once again, as of yore, in a furious chorus,

Do the bellows resound of the calves of old Taurus;

But alas! all the ire of these creatures is kindled

Gaint the foes of the man by whose arts they were swindled;

And the "bonds" and the "bondmen" alike are forgotten.

As they shout for the Lord of the Limbo of Cotton;

All which proves British sympathy—out on the gammon—

Is a dog-vane swung round by the breathings of Mammon!

—*Vanity Fair*.

The word *children* very often means, in the language of Scripture, simply people—as children of Israel, children of light, children of God; and we have examples in our own language. A word in the Court of Chancery is called an infant, although he may be a powerful man of nearly one-and-twenty years of age.

A VALUABLE CAT.—For some days last week, the servant in a family in this city discovered each morning at the back door of the house a number of apples. She was puzzled to account for the circumstance, until a neighbor discovered a cat bringing an apple by the stem and depositing it at the door, and then going away and repeating the operation. On Saturday morning the Major, who is the owner of this animal, invaluable as a purveyor, discovered thirteen pears and an apple, the result of the previous night's foraging of puss. Of strict integrity, our friend investigated the case, and found that this cat, though regardless of the rights of property, was an excellent judge of pears and apples, having selected her plunder from the grounds of Mr. Thomas A. Green, who has had rare success in the culture of fine fruit. The Major made us in a manner *particeps criminis*, by our acceptance of a portion of the spoils, and then we tell the whole story.—*New Bedford Mercury*.

The prayer of a Unitarian preacher of Pittsburg, Mass., runs as follows: "Oh, God, we pray Thee to bless the rebels. Bless their hearts with sincere repentance. Bless their armies with defeat. Bless their social condition by emancipation."

BIBLE QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

HOW ARE WE TO UNDERSTAND THE ACCOUNT GIVEN OF MELCHISEDEC IN ST. PAUL'S EPISTLE TO THE HEBREWS?—"Without father, without mother, without descent, having neither beginning of days, nor end of life."—Heb. vii. 3.

This verse is admitted by all commentators to be exceedingly difficult, and various modes of elucidation have been suggested; a learned divine tells us that the verse appears from the context to mean this:

1. Melchisedec was "without father;" in other words, he was not a descendant or offspring of Aaron, from whom all high priests were descended.

2. He was "without mother," that is, he was not even like the chief priests, descended from some female branch of Aaron.

3. He was "without descent," at all. He was not even a *Zerit*.

4. He had "no beginning of days," like other priests, who entered upon their office at a fixed period; nor "end of life" that is, there was no limited term of service; but, like Jesus Christ, was altogether different from the ordinary priesthood.

Mr. Clark, of Missouri, moved that the resolution be referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs. He was in favor of declaring every citizen of the Southern Confederacy a soldier, authorized to put to death every man caught on our soil in arms against the Government.

Mr. Semmes, of Louisiana, said that the resolution had not been drawn without reflection.

The question of retaliation was exclusively an Executive one, to be regulated by circumstances. But it was proper that the legislative department of the Government should express its approval of the retaliation contemplated by the resolution.

Mr. Henry, of Tenn., said that the resolution did not go far enough. He favored the passage of a law providing that upon any attempt being made to execute the proclamation of Abraham Lincoln, we immediately hoist the "black flag," and proclaim a war of extermination against all invaders of our soil.

Mr. Phelan, of Mississippi, said that he had always been in favor of conducting the war under the "black flag." If that flag had been raised at Manassas a year ago the war would have been ended on the spot.

Mr. Yancey, of Alabama, moved that the pending resolution, together with the resolution submitted by him some time since, relative to retaliation, &c., be referred to a select committee of three, and be made the special order for Wednesday next.

Mr. Burnett, of Kentucky, moved that all of said resolutions be referred to the Committee of the Judiciary. This was agreed to.

The Richmond Whig, speaking of President Lincoln's Proclamation, says:—"It ordains servile insurrection in the Confederate States, and is not misunderstood, either North or South. It is a dash of the pen to destroy four thousand millions of our property, and is as much as a bid for the slaves to rise in insurrection, with the assurance of aid from the whole military and naval power of the United States. It speaks of the cruelty in the Administration, and says Butler is a saint, when compared with his master. Our military operations are henceforth to assume a very grave character. The friends of the new programme will necessarily destroy all terms between us. The next campaign will be a tremendous one, both for the magnitude and character of the hostilities. Let our authorities prepare the whole strength of our people for the tremendous shock. The enemy is making great preparations, as well assailing fleshly proclamations. We must respond with equal energy. If we do not, we shall be lost. But we will do it."

WHAT IS MEANT BY "THE CHILDREN OF THIS DAY"?—1 Thess. v. 5.

In the days of the apostles mankind were classed under three distinctions—the heathens, the Jews, and the Christians; and a few moments' consideration of the privileges they enjoyed will best explain the passage.

The heathens were *children of the night*; for it may be asked, What did they know of God, of themselves, of their origin, of their fall, their recovery, their duty, and their future state?

The Jews were *children of the dawn*; they were instructed, but it was by types, shadows, and ceremonies.

The Christians are the *children of the day*; because they are fully and clearly instructed in whatever relates to God and their own duty, and in all that pertains to their present and their future welfare: for them "the dark ness is past, and the true light now shineth."

DRYED FRUIT FOR THE ARMY.—CENTRAL OFFICE, SANITARY COMMISSION, WASHINGTON, Oct. 2nd, 1862.—The inquiry being frequently made whether the Commission wishes to receive apples for the use of the wounded, it should immediately be published, as widely as possible, that dried apples cannot be sent to its depots in large quantities. Town and village Relief Societies are requested to make arrangements for paring, cutting, and drying by their members, and such volunteer assistance as they can afford, and to notify farmers that they will receive such good fruit as they may be disposed to offer and are usable themselves to properly prepare. Dried apples may be sent in barrels or boxes, or in strong bags, marked, "To keep dry." Dried fruits of other kinds, and all good canned fruits will be very acceptable.

FRED. LAW OLMSDELT, General Secretary.

I am a prisoner, and dangerously wounded. It is consequently impossible for me to dispose of myself.

However, as soon as I am restored to liberty, and my wounds are healed, I shall take the first favorable opportunity to satisfy my desire to serve the great American Republic, of which I am a citizen, and which is now fighting for universal liberty."

The above correspondence appeared in the *Wanderer*, of Vienna.

GARIBOLDI COMING.

The American Consul at Vienna wrote to Garibaldi, asking him, as he had failed in his patriotic efforts in Italy, if he would offer his valiant arm in the American struggle for liberty and unity, and promising him an enthusiastic reception.

Garibaldi, under date of Sept. 14th, replied:

"I am a prisoner, and dangerously wounded. It is consequently impossible for me to dispose of myself.

"However, as soon as I am restored to liberty, and my wounds are healed, I shall take the first favorable opportunity to satisfy my desire to serve the great American Republic, of which I am a citizen, and which is now fighting for universal liberty."

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It only takes a turn of the weather to bring about the millennium. Only let those gusts of virtue, that every man blows upon his neighbor, be turned upon himself, and the thing is done. It's easier than sinning.

A portly young friend of ours this week, the servant in a family in this city discovered each morning at the back door of the house a number of apples. She was puzzled to account for the circumstance, until a neighbor discovered a cat bringing an apple by the stem and depositing it at the door, and then going away and repeating the operation. On Saturday morning the Major, who is the owner of this animal, invaluable as a purveyor, discovered thirteen pears and an apple, the result of the previous night's foraging of puss. Of strict integrity, our friend investigated the case, and found that this cat, though regardless of the rights of property, was an excellent judge of pears and apples, having selected her plunder from the grounds of Mr. Thomas A. Green, who has had rare success in the culture of fine fruit. The Major made us in a manner *particeps criminis*, by our acceptance of a portion of the spoils, and then we tell the whole story.—*New Bedford Mercury*.

The word *children* very often means, in the language of Scripture, simply people—as children of Israel, children of light, children of God; and we have examples in our own language. A word in the Court of Chancery is called an infant, although he may be a powerful man of nearly one-and-twenty years of age.

PENNSYLVANIA AS A WHEAT GROWER.—

THE SWORD.

BY MISS L. E. LANDON.

"Twas the battlefield, and the cold pale moon
Looked down on the dead and dying;
And the wind passed o'er with a dirge and a
wail,
Where the young and the brave were lying.

With his father's sword in his red, right hand,
And the hostile dead around him,
Lays a youthful chief; but his bed was the ground,
And the grave's icy sleep had bound him.

A reckless rover, 'mid death and doom,
Passed a soldier, his plunder seeking;
Careless he stepped where friend and foe
Lay alike in their life-blood reeking.

Drawn by the shine of the warrior's sword,
The soldier paused beside it;
He wrenched the blade with a giant's strength,
But the grasp of the dead defied it.

He loosed his hold, and his noble heart
Took part with the dead before him;
And he honored the brave who died sword in
hand,
As with softened brow he leaned o'er him.

"A soldier's death thou hast boldly died,
A soldier's grave won by it;
Before I would take that sword from thine hand,
My own life's blood should dye it.

"Thou shalt not be left for the carrion crow,
Or the wolf to batter o'er thee;
Or the coward to insult the gallant dead,
Who in life had trembled before thee."

Then dug he a grave in the crimson earth,
Where his warrior foe was sleeping;
And he laid him there, in honor and rest,
With his sword in his own brave keeping.

SANTA: OR, A WOMAN'S TRAGEDY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE WOMAN I LOVED,
AND THE WOMAN THAT LOVED ME."

CHAPTER V.

"For ten years I lived with the Chanoine Landsberg. My life was as monotonous as could well be conceived. The Chanoine was infirm in health, and was chidged for weeks to be alone. Hers was a melancholy page in the history of woman. Here, however, is not the place to relate it.

"Both pride and inclination prevented me from making any steps to return to my husband. I was immovable in my resolution. I would not return to Vienna without him, and I told him I considered our separation a final one. After a while he ceased to urge my return. My love for his child was a great tie between us. He and I were naturally thrown much together. We differed entirely in many opinions, but our tastes were alike. Personally, perhaps, no two persons—both handsome—could have pleased each other less; nevertheless, we were attracted to each other.

"It was a peculiarity in my fate that I was always thrown among ambitious people; my husband, my brother, and now this Rupert, who possessed more ambition than any one I ever knew. At first, however, I was only aware of it as the aspiration of a noble nature. He studied me narrowly, and did me the honor to think I could be of considerable use to him. His keen eyes perused my face and watched my gestures. He listened to my conversation, he read to their depths both mind and heart, and saw exactly how he could 'exploit' both. I must say, however, not from selfish motives entirely.

"He belonged to one of those secret societies which have so long existed in Germany, Italy and France, who work together for the redemption of nations. His indomitable industry, his cool intellect, his powers of physical endurance, made him one of its most valuable members.

"It was in an expedition in its service that he had met with the accident which had lamed him. When he arrived he was almost helpless. There was something peculiarly touching to me in the equanimity with which he bore the pain and the privation which it imposed. A strong, healthy man, in the bloom and pride of youth, condemned to months of inactivity, naturally appealed to my womanly compassion. During these months I devoted myself to him. Ida would play round the couch on which he lay, while I nursed him as I had nursed her; or she would sit on my knee with her soft cheek against mine while I read to him.

"For the first time I met with an intelligence which could direct, deepen, and stimulate my own. Rupert soon found that I possessed certain powers which would be useful to him, and he hesitated not to make use of them. A certain ruthlessness, I find, always takes possession of those engaged in secret plots and conspiracies. It is possible that the inadequacy of the means to the great cause they propose to themselves, obliges them to be somewhat unscrupulous, in the use of them. In my lonely life I had cherished dreams such as all Italians cherish.—The independence of Italy, its restoration to its place in the scale of nations, its social regeneration, were watch words to me. I listened to him with avidity, and with an ardor which delighted him. I worked at his bidding for the cause to which he had devoted himself. I labored in a manner which surprised him. We were always together. I confess, to my shame, that between the care of his child, ministering to his own helplessness, and assisting in the arduous correspondence, plans, designs, &c., which occupied him, I saw little or nothing of the Chanoine. I neglected a clear, plain duty for a Quixotic one imposed by myself; but the self-indulgence which thus veiled itself in an appearance of self-sacrifice, was punished as it deserved.

"Rupert had a dramatic facility in assuming any character which answered to the ideal formed in his own mind, of what he ought to be on any given occasion. This differed according to his mood or his purpose. He could be all that was gentle, refined, and tender, or all that was hard, cynical, I might almost say brutal; but the *grise de guerre* was not at once perceived by me as *peste de voleurs*.

"Nothing at first, however, could be gentler, more like a brother, in his relations

impossible to leave Ida. The strongest feeling of my nature, a capacity for maternal love, was called out for the first time, and I was resolved to indulge it to full extent.

"This was the turning-point of my life. Rupert was staying at the Schloss at the time. He saw me thoughtfully perusing the letter. The Chanoine told him my husband wished for my return.

"He looked eagerly up, and his dark face flushed.

"'You return?'

"'No.' I paused.

"'You are happy here?'

"'Yes, with Ida.'

"But Ferdinand would allow you, I have no doubt, to take Ida back with you. He seems so sincerely anxious to make you happy," said the Chanoine.

"Excuse me," interrupted Rupert, "no child of mine shall ever live under the same roof as Count Ferdinand. Ida stays here."

"Those words settled the question. I could not, would not part from Ida. I was as wrong in this resolve as I had been right in the determination of preferring a solitary, dull, but safe home at the Schloss to a luxurious, flattering, perilous one at Vienna. My sense of having been right there, blinded me to the wrong here. The retribution for this act of self-pleasing—this refusal to fulfill a positive duty—was, as you will see, not long delayed."

"The Chanoine ridiculed me without ceasing for my love for Ida. She was one of those positive persons who would place limits to everything. As Ida was not my own child, my immoderate love for her seemed unnatural. What cared I? I let her talk, and held Ida only the closer to my heart—Ida had been with us two years when a few lines from Rupert told us that he was coming for a visit of greater length than usual. He had met with an accident, and thought he had lame him for life. He came for rest and to recruit his strength. The Chanoine was indignant. She suspected the most extraordinary motives for this visit, though she never approached the right one, but could not avoid receiving him. I was jealous for Ida's sake, lest he should withdraw some portion of her love for me; otherwise I looked forward with pleasure to the arrival of an inmate who would have more mental sympathy with me than I had hitherto met with.

"He arrived. My love for his child was a great tie between us. He and I were naturally thrown much together. We differed entirely in many opinions, but our tastes were alike. Personally, perhaps, no two persons—both handsome—could have pleased each other less; nevertheless, we were attracted to each other.

"It was a peculiarity in my fate that I was always thrown among ambitious people; my husband, my brother, and now this Rupert, who possessed more ambition than any one I ever knew. At first, however, I was only aware of it as the aspiration of a noble nature. He studied me narrowly, and did me the honor to think I could be of considerable use to him. His keen eyes perused my face and watched my gestures. He listened to my conversation, he read to their depths both mind and heart, and saw exactly how he could 'exploit' both. I must say, however, not from selfish motives entirely.

"What a golden friendship I dreamed of! so secure did I feel, that the insurmountable obstacles which divided us would give stability and security to our affection, and place it on a height above all the fever and transitoriness of passion. I dreamed of being the friend of Rupert here and hereafter;—of loving his wife, should he ever marry again, of cherishing Ida as mine, of following from my retirement his brilliant and successful career, of receiving occasional visits from him and his, in the far future years, which would be the Sabbaths of my life, and give him repose after the fatigues and labors of his. Fool, fool, that I was! His heart was too cold—his principles too wavering, to be capable of steadfast feeling or enduring affection.

"His nature ignored all affections but one. He could enjoy a kind of 'camaraderie' with many, but this was all inspired and enjoyed by the head, the heart was capable but of one sentiment. Madame Serrano, my brother's first love, whose beauty and witchery had increased with every year, had inspired him with the only emotion of which he was capable. A sentiment which she irritated in every way; fed, but did not satisfy; encouraged, but did not return. It was to be near her that he came to us. She had taken a house in our neighborhood. She was the most accomplished coquette in the world, with a soft suggestive manner which every man could interpret as he liked best. She was not deceitful, but she had that sympathetic organization, and that strong inherent love of pleasure, which gave her power to invent herself, at the moment, with the character which was most attractive to the one whom she wished to please. I heard a great deal of her from Rupert; he and her husband were first cousins, and though I was directly opposed to her in character and manner, conceived a great admiration for her. I believe she was in truth, a gentle and amiable person; that to seek to win the love and admiration of all, was as natural to her as for a flower to turn to the light, and I am quite certain she did not measure the wrong she did. She imagined that he could limit himself to her, and which their relationship sanctioned. She could not conceive the bitterness of the unsatisfied longing she excited. It was like a child playing with gunpowder, but the explosion did not injure herself. Had she only deprived me of Rupert, I could have joyfully forgiven her, but with Rupert I lost my Ida!

"I am speaking of all these things, however, with the lucidity which after experience gives me. At the time—though I had a confused and mystic apprehension of evil—I had moments and hours of exquisite happiness. No human being can develop themselves without being the happier for it. Growth is the most felicitous condition of humanity. 'Yes,' I thought, in my proud, foolish heart,

with a loved and trusted sister. Such an influx of affection as I drew, first from Ida and then from her father, was a boon which to me, who had led hither so isolated and unloved a life, seemed inestimable. I was lifted at once into a region of warmth and light out of frozen darkness. The injurious affections of women are often blamable. Blindness, and a moral perversity of choice, are imputed to us, when our love is fixed on an unworthy object. This may be true in the sense of love proper; there, a personal instinct ought to adjust the moral balance, but in a maternal or sisterly love the rule fails.

"It is shameful of the Chanoine to permit it," said another. "A woman separated from her husband—quite a revolutionary, strong-minded woman—to occupy a young man like that, the heir of this magnificent property! She might obtain a divorce and walk humbly with God.

"There was, however, an under-current of discomfort and mortification in this life. I was continually receiving anonymous letters, in which I was, by turn, threatened, accused and warned. In these letters, I was told, I was considered in love with Rupert;—it was proved to me that all suspected it, and that he himself was careless who knew it. It was pointed out to me that however confidential and intimate our relations might be in private, in public he lost no opportunity of slighting me, and showing his want of respect and esteem for me,—that my husband was aware of my conduct, &c. I would tear up these letters, generally, with great indifference and contempt. Some, however, with a knowledge of both Rupert's character and mine, and the arrows reached their aim.

"Like all persons who are much absorbed in themselves, Rupert was peculiarly negligent of little courtesies and ordinary conventionalities. For any advantage to his secret pursuits he would not have hesitated to ask me to do the most extraordinary things. We often sat up all night in the library, writing, discussing, making out accounts. I have ridden thirty miles from the Schloss at a late hour (I was a practical and intrepid rider) to bear some message or give some letter for emissaries, bound on various errands, traversed Italy, France, and Germany, in every direction. My pride—the greatest fault in my character—had certainly been offended by accidental neglects, which were probably unintentional on his part, but which cut the deepest. Sometimes I would expose myself severely; he would answer carelessly, and that was all. Except, however, for these trifling vexations, my life was a paradise, for Ida was blossoming into health and beauty at my side. Yet I was conscious that a few grains of dust had accumulated between the leaves of the book of friendship we held between us. The book itself was soon to be cast aside.

"The Chanoine was unspare in her comments. She disliked her nephew, and was jealous of my affection for him. She did not understand it. She was not cognizant of political secret which bound us together, and, judging from externals, thought I was losing myself from pure benevolence.

"My dearest Santa," she would say to me, "I tell you, beware of Rupert! I know him; he will throw you aside when he has done with you."

"No, dear aunt, he has a true regard and affection for me; besides, what of him? Let him leave me, Ida—I ask for no more."

"True regard! true fiddlestick! He is not capable of friendship for a woman. He may deceive himself in thinking he has a friendship for a woman he loves, but he has no feeling whatever for a woman he cannot love; and you, Santa, are a woman he never could love—you are antipathetic to him, I can see."

"I laughed.

"Personally, perhaps; but I am quite sure we have strong mental sympathies, and what does it signify? I have no wish but to be his friend. Were it not for Ida, to whom as a woman I can be of more service than if I were a man, I should wish to be a man for Rupert's sake, I could help him more. I would rather be his brother than his sister, for instance. But, after all, it matters little, as affection like ours is sexless."

"Dear Santa, I feel sure that you are sexless in your eyes from your want of personal attraction towards you, and from the very use to which he puts you, but I am not so sure seeing the strong affection for him which is impressed in all you do and say, that he conceives that he is sexless in yours."

"I started up.

"You are entirely, absolutely wrong. Under ordinary circumstances such a mistake might be made—men are vain and women are imprudent—but I cannot believe that any man of Rupert's experience would fall into such an error. If not error, it would be the excess of baseness. Listen to me; I said, and I held both her hands and looked into her eyes, and made her look into mine; 'I do not pretend to much heart experience, my life has been a peculiar one, but I am quite sure that in love, properly so called, there is a timidity, a consciousness, a coquetry, as different as possible from the frankness, the transparent unreserve, the carelessness of friendship. I should as soon have thought of adoring myself to look well in my own eyes or in Ida's, as in those of Rupert. Every woman in love is a coquette with the man she loves. And what is the sin of the coquette? That she wears this expression for several, and gives a promise she does not intend to fulfill. After such an intimacy as ours he must suppose me the worst, the most shameless, or the most foolish of women to imagine such a thing for a moment. He knows me too well.'

"I am speaking of all these things, however, with the lucidity which after experience gives me. At the time—though I had a confused and mystic apprehension of evil—I had moments and hours of exquisite happiness. No human being can develop themselves without being the happier for it. Growth is the most felicitous condition of humanity. 'Yes,' I thought, in my proud, foolish heart,

'now my life is as it should be. I have linked it to a public aim, and I have scope for those energies and abilities, which equally belong to both men and women. My heart is rich in the affections I have chosen for it. If all women could know, will, and dare, they would be free and happy. Why abide by the fate chosen for us when we were too young to choose for ourselves? Development is the duty of all.' So it is, but not a one-sided development. With the mind, the soul should grow; and I had forgotten that the human soul can only develop in conformity with the will of God. For our minds take us free scope to the artistic tendencies we may possess; but side by side with this is the plain duty, to know mercy and walk humbly with God.

CHAPTER VI.

"A few days after this I heard a conversation which shocked me. We had a few guests staying at the Schloss; the Chanoine was ill; I had done my best for their entertainment. Rupert was absent on a visit to the Serranos. Now he had somewhat recovered, his absences were frequent, but Ida was usually left with me.

"They seem a very happy *ménage*," said one lady to another who had a large family of daughters, and had been disappointed that one was not Rupert's wife.

"It is shameful of the Chanoine to permit it," said another. "A woman separated from her husband—quite a revolutionary, strong-minded woman—to occupy a young man like that, the heir of this magnificent property! She might obtain a divorce and walk humbly with God.

"Their studies are of a kind—"

"And the silence was filled up, I imagine, with the most expressive gestures of disgust."

"She is handsome," said a man, "but is not a woman to my taste."

"One of those women who wear us out or themselves. However, Rupert tells me—"

"They passed on, and I heard no more."

"I was shocked; not so much, God forgive me! at the accusation, as at the idea that Rupert had spoken about me to that man. I smiled at the notion of my being distasteful to him. I suppose no woman in the world has cared less for pleasing for pleasing's sake than I. Kindness I could give to all, but I was too pre-occupied to lay myself out for the sake of winning attention. The only beings one can please without seeking to please are children; their unconscious instinct always directs them unfailingly to those who really love them. All children like me. Ida loved me with all the warmth of her little heart. My child! my child!—for so she was, if there be truth in love or devotion. How the wound of our separation bleeds still, and will bleed for ever!"

"I was grave as I went home. My life had already borne fair blossoms never destined to ripen into fruit. I had seen how my filial, my sisterly, my conjugal love had all perished: either they had fallen from the tree of my life, rudely torn down by the storm of death, or nipped by the frost of life, and I began to tremble for what remained; but here surely was fulfillment. These could not fail me. I was wrong. I was to be stripped bare of all, that I might expiate my folly and presumption, in choosing my own path, in neglecting the duties which belonged to me, to take others which were not mine. My heart was to be emptied, for I had poured away the bitter draught of isolation which God had given me to drink, and I had refilled it with a sweet but pernicious liquid, from an alien source. I had swerved from a positive duty, and presumptuously taken on myself others for which I was not fit. The alien path I had chosen was as full of briars and thorns as the one which had been allotted to me; moreover, it led to an abyss.

"I mentioned nothing to Rupert on his return. I felt a little chilled towards him. He may have thought me captious, but he was curiously indifferent against all impressions from me. I had not the power to pain him; besides the sponge was not squeezed dry, and could not yet be thrown aside. He had senses and a brain; he had a nervous irritability which gave him the appearance at times of intense sensibility, but there was a sterility in his heart. His whole career has borne the impress of this imperfection on it. All things find their level. Men may be successful, but if there be a want of heart in themselves, their very success wears the stamp of this failure. But alas! why do I talk of failures, whose whole life was a failure?"

"Soon after this time I was made anxious and unhappy by the illness of the Chanoine. Always suffering and ill, the flickering flame was now about to expire. She increased in tenderness for me, and I felt pained to the heart in thinking how often I had neglected her. Rupert was continually absent now, and we were left much together.

"Oh, Santa!" she would say tenderly to me, "I wish I could know sheltered from the storm that I see coming. The shadows are drawing darkly over the sky, and my death will be the signal for the tempest to fall. You have given your gold for copper, your flowers for thorns—you have held out your hand to give support to another, and you will be cast away yourself."

"I wondered afterwards if she had any communication with Rupert. I soothed her as well as I could. She went on:

"I know you better than you do yourself. You enjoy little things intensely, you have some vocation for happiness, that sorrow is more keenly felt by you than by most. You place yourself in antagonism with it—you wrestle with it as with a mortal foe—and you think you will overcome it; but even if you do, you will remain wounded, maimed, mutilated."

"I know I am not patient," I said; "it is right I should be taught patience."

"God knows the tears of months were to teach me that lesson. I am delaying the catastrophe—my heart beats as I now write, with the dead, dull pain which came upon me then, and has never left me, since I knew I was to see Ida no more!"

(CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.)

AN EDITOR'S ACCOMPLISHMENTS.—At a late printer's festival in Boston, the following capital toast was given:—

The Editor: the man that is expected to know everything, tell all he knows, and guess at the rest; to make known his own character, establish the reputation of his neighbor, and elect all candidates

THE BATTLE AUTUMN OF 1862.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

The flags of war like storm-birds fly,
The charging trumpets blow;
Yet rolls no thunder in the sky,
No earthquake stirs below.

And, calm and patient, Nature keeps
Her ancient promise well,
Though o'er her bloom and greenness sweeps
The battle's breath of hell.

And still she walks in golden hours
Through harvest happy farms,
And still she wears her fruits and flowers
Like jewels on her arms.

What mean the gladness of the plain,
This joy of eve and morn,
The mirth that shakes the board of grain
And yellow locks of corn?

Ah! eyes may well be full of tears,
And hearts with hate are hot;
But even-paced come round the years,
And Nature changes not.

She meets with smiles our bitter grief,
With songs our groans of pain;
She mocks with tint of flower and leaf
The war-field's crimson stain.

Sull, in the cannon's pause, we hear
Her sweet thanksgiving-psalm;
Too near to God for doubt or fear,
She shares the eternal calm.

She knows the seed lies safe below
The fires that blast and burn;
For all the tears of blood we sow
She waits the rich return.

She sees with clearer eye than ours
The good of suffering born—
The hearts that blossom like her flowers
And ripen like her corn.

Oh, give to us, in times like these,
The vision of her eyes;
And make her fields and fruited trees
Our golden prophecies!

Oh, give to us her finer ear!
Above this stormy din,
We, too, would hear the bells of cheer
Ring Peace and Freedom in!

—*Atlantic Monthly* for October.

OUR BEST BEDROOM.

Twenty years ago, I was a curate in the

stirring and noisy manufacturing town of Twisley. The district church to which I belonged was an appendage to the ancient minister of St. Mark the Evangelist, and was called a chapel of ease. But, in truth, there was little ease for any one connected with the edifice, whether lay or clerical. The church was a hideous, red-brick pile, adorned with a portico of raw, gray stone, and was always damp, draughty, and inconvenient to preacher and congregation. The district was large and unhealthy, comprising the worst portion of the suburbs, and the curates were miserably paid by doles from various bounties and societies. All things considered, there were pleasanter pieces of preferment in the church than that which I, in common with two other young clergymen, enjoyed at Twisley.

I hope these preliminary remarks will not be misconstrued; I do not desire to be taken for a clerical Sybarite, intent upon loaves and fishes, but negligent of the calls of duty. It was not the work that we murmured at, but the darkling atmosphere of smoke and fog, the moist air of the swampy plain and sluggish river, the dull, sad monotony of the ill-built town, and the phalanx of evil, on which our feeble efforts seemed to make no impression. In truth, a manufacturing town, twenty years back, before emigration and the repeal of the Corn Laws had lightened the burden of the poor, was not exactly an agreeable field for labor. Fierce and sullen discontent seemed the normal condition of many who are now in a healthier and kindlier frame of mind, and we had no docile flock to attend to. It was scarcely pleasant to be involved in endless arguments, here with a furious Leveller, there with a disciple of Cloots; to be reviled as hypocrites when we meant nothing but good, or to be dubbed oppressors when our hearts were aching at the sight of the unrelieved misery around us. We had little to give, for our pay was low; and it was no easy matter, in especial for Jones and myself, who were married men, to make both ends meet in a place so dear as Twisley. Lester, the other curate, was single, and had some allowance from his father; but we two BENEdicts were almost entirely dependent on our salary, and our shabby black coats grew shabbier and whiter about the seams every day. Of preferment we had little hope; not one of us had any interest with those who had benefits to bestow, and we could not reasonably expect promotion for some years at least.

Thus far the prologue. My story really begins with the moist and fast-darkening winter afternoon when Jones and I were returning, wet and tired, from our rounds in the suburb. The day had not been a pleasant one. First, Jones had been pained in argument by a wandering lecturer, a clever and unscrupulous fellow, who had contrived to turn the laugh against the logical point of view. Next, I had been severely mauled in a controversy by a Mormonite cobbler, who pealed me with garbled texts, and refused to hearken to the right version. Thirdly, we had seen household after household hungry and despairing, without the power of rendering any material help, for it was a time of dearth, and great numbers were suffering cruel distress; so we were rather out of spirits, and walked slowly.

As we passed through the High street, we met a tall, gentlemanly man, with bushy gray whiskers and a thoughtful face, who

bowed to Jones, and looked hard at me, as he made way for us on the pavement.

"What a remarkable face!" I exclaimed; and indeed it was so. Very delicate were the finely cut features, very bright the eyes, and very pleasant the momentary smile of the stranger as he greeted Jones, but there was something curious and odd in the general effect for all that. I could not analyse the impression which this gentleman's look made upon me, but it was hardly an agreement.

"That's Mr. Staunton," said Jones. "I wonder what brings him to Twisley on this damp, dark day. He very seldom comes over; and, indeed, it is a long drive to Staunton Dene."

"Staunton Dene?" said I. "Is not that the place we had a distant view of from the top of Carswell Hill, when we took that tremendous 'constitutional' last summer—the grand old house among those noble beechwoods, with the park lying beyond, and the glittering lake peering out among the clumps of heavy timber? He lives there, then?"

"He lives there," said my companion, "at least till his nephew, the present baronet, comes of age, which I believe will be two years hence. He is his guardian, and has the management of the property, which is a splendid one, by all accounts. I have heard—but you know how gossiping tongues will run on—that Mr. Richard Staunton was bitterly disappointed when his brother, Sir John, married very late in life. Sir John was a sad rake, though he could not do much harm to the property, which was strictly entailed, and it was thought that Mr. Richard was sure of the title and lands. But Sir John astonished everybody by marrying some one much below his own station—the daughter of a tradesman or farmer, I believe—and when he died, three years later, he left a son to succeed him."

"So this Mr. Staunton had the care of the young heir?" said I carelessly. "Not of the heir, though he had full power over the property," returned Jones, who was a sort of living chronicle of all that concerned his acquaintances. "The mother, sensible, good woman, devoted herself to the task of bringing up her son, and I have heard that the boy turned out very well indeed. Poor soul, she died six months since; and now I suppose the nephew must be under the uncle's care till he comes of age."

All this did not interest me much, but out of civility to Jones I suppressed a yawn, and remarked that Mr. Staunton had the look of a very superior man.

"So he is," said Jones—"a great traveller, and took the highest honors at Oxford. He's a chemist, too, and well up in all the ologies, about which folks, like you and me, Harper, know so little. I met him years ago at a watering-place, and he is very polite, as you saw, but we have never got beyond the preliminaries of acquaintance."

We had by this time got past the region of shops and sound pavements, and were picking our way through the mud and rubbish heaps of the outskirts. My lodgings were in Paradise Row, and those of Jones in Waterloo Cottages. The Row was the nearer of the two, and I asked Jones to stop for a cup of tea. It was half past five o'clock, and we had dined at one. Jones accepted my modest invitation, and we turned the corner, and beheld a tall gentleman, evidently a stranger to the locality, heedfully scrutinizing the fronts of the little houses of the Row.

"Bless me!" exclaimed Jones, "there is Mr. Staunton again. What can he possibly want here?"

It did seem odd. Paradise Row consisted of six houses, one of which belonged to the decent widow whose lodgings I and my family occupied; while the other five respectively appertained to a tailor, a dancing-master, a washerwoman, a master blacksmith, and a carpenter, who called himself somewhat ambitiously, a cabinetmaker and undertaker. Unless Mr. Richard Staunton, by some strange chance, required the services of one of these useful artisans or artists, it was unintelligible that he should be there. Staunton Dene had no connection with Twisley. It had its own cathedral town, nine miles off, its own market town within half that distance. It did not seem probable that the temporary master of the old Hall was likely to seek sartorial aid, or tuition in dancing, or even neat mangling and careful clear-starching in Paradise Row. "Why, as I live," said Jones, "as I live, he's going to call upon you." And indeed the tall gentleman was very deliberately manipulating the rusty little knocker of Number Six.

"Pooh! nonsense. It must be Mrs. Parks that he wants to speak to," said I, with a beating heart, though why my heart should have throbbed one second the quicker because a stranger of station and education paid me a call, may seem incomprehensible to those who do not know how welcome is any break in a monotonous life.

At any rate, Mr. Richard Staunton, after a brief colloquy with the cheek-aproned little maid who answered his rap, was admitted, and the door closed on his tall form.

"Some mistake," said I, ponderingly; "I wonder whom he is looking for."

Jones was quite eager to solve the enigma, so we hurried on, my companion suggesting as we went two hypotheses—one that I might have known Mr. Staunton, and forgotten him; the other, that he might have known my wife in by-gone days. At any rate we found him seated in our small and dingy sitting-room, which looked all the smaller and dingier for his stately presence, while opposite to him sat poor Clara, trying very hard to keep the children quiet, and to seem at her ease. Clara was the best and dearest of little women, but she could not help feeling ashamed of the mean apartment and its poor furniture, as Mr. Richard Staunton blandly surveyed it through his heavy gold-rimmed glasses. And yet there was something very winning in the manner in which the visitor rose to receive Jones and myself. He said, with a very pleasing frankness, that he felt some explanation of his presence was needed

—that I was no stranger to him, by report at least; and that he had lately seen my former college tutor, Mr. Gidley, whose warm eloquence on my classical attainments and moral character had induced him to seek my personal acquaintance, and to decide on making me the offer which he was about to suggest.

"Briefly, then, Mr. Harper, I may inform you that Sir Frederick, my nephew and ward, has large ecclesiastical preferment at his disposal, and is, in fact, patron of four livings. One of these, as you are perhaps aware, is the valuable rectory of Bullingdon, on the banks of the Thames—I see, Mr. Harper, you do know the spot."

Know the spot? I should think I did, for my poor father had been vicar of a neighboring parish; and as a child and a school-boy, I had been used to consider the rector of Bullingdon, with his glebe, his handsome house, almost hidden by rhododendrons and flowering shrubs, with the smoothest of lawns, the mellowest of peach-walls, and the snuggest of stables, as a prince of the church. The great and small tithes, taken together, made up a fat and comfortable income, equal to that of most deans. But this living had long been enjoyed by the Honorable and Rev. Cecil Dozey, D. D., and I knew that the old gentleman was still alive and well.

"That's right," resumed Mr. Richard, with a gentle sigh, "is not vacant. But Oakleigh Parva, fifteen miles from this, in the hill-country, is mine to bestow, Mr. Thrumpt. The late incumbent, having accepted a colonial bishopric. The house is pretty good; the garden is a fine one; the duties—though I hardly know the amount of the population—are not onerous; and the stipend is four hundred and twenty, which Easter-offerings may—I see you are impatient. Would it be worth your while to accept Oakleigh Parva?"

Worth my while! The room seemed to whirr round and round before my eyes, and I hardly know whether, in the access of my surprise, I was not guilty of some very extravagant conduct. Consider, dear reader, I had but a hundred and curse of St. Mark's Chapel of ease, and a wife and two children pining in shabby-genteel poverty and failing health, and who was I to be indifferent to such a shower of gold, to such a sunbeam of prosperity! I think I was a little faint and giddy for a moment, for I remember Clara, crying herself poor thing, but with tears of joy, loosening my neckcloth, while Jones—a good fellow quite devoid of jealousy, and who was magnanimous enough not to grudge this wonderful windfall that had fallen into another's lap—patted me kindly on the shoulder, and wished me joy.

"There is one condition, and only one," said Mr. Staunton, when I had recovered my composure, "and that will not, I trust, appear a hard one. My nephew, Sir Frederick, as whose guardian it is my privilege to give away the living in question, is in delicate, almost feeble health, in spite of the very great care with which his excellent mother—of whom he has lately been bereaved—brought him up. He is a youth of very high promise, and of a gentle and engaging disposition, but perhaps oversensitive, and requires regular study and cheerful quiet. In two years, as you are perhaps aware, he will come of age; but in the meantime it would be well that he should be prepared by tuition and example for the high position which he must ere long be called upon to fill."

How beautifully! Mr. Richard Staunton spoke, not pompously in the least, but with a graceful stateliness quite bewitching. A most superior man! Even his face, which I had not, to own the truth, much liked at first sight, now seemed to me to wear the impress of every noble sentiment and candid virtue. He was my benefactor; I saw him with a golden aureole round his intelligent head; and his bright, restless eyes, sharp chin, and beaming brows, no longer inspired the vague dislike with which they had at first struck me. He went on to say that he should esteem it as a favor if I would take charge of the young heir, watch over him, read with him, and direct his studies. A horse, if I approved this proposition, was to be kept for the young man's use, and I was to receive for expenses, and my salary as tutor, two hundred and fifty pounds a year.

"In two years, Mr. Harper," said the guardian, "your pupil—if you agree to my wish—will arrive at man's estate. He will owe a debt of gratitude to the kind care of Mrs. Harper and yourself, which the mere money-payments can never cancel. And who knows—that old Dr. Dozey, who must be much beyond the allotted threescore and ten, cannot always hold the living of Bullingdon. But there is one stipulation—Oakleigh, though healthy, is bleak, and my nephew is accustomed to a more sheltered abode—his room, if you please, must have a south aspect, and be airy and large, with a good fireplace."

Of course we made no objection. If Mr. Staunton had stipulated that we should camp, gipsy fashion, in the woods about the vicarage, I believe Clara and I would have agreed, so eager were we to get away to this new Land of Promise. I could not but feel that the salary offered for my care of the young baron was a liberal one, and I had not much doubt that I was a sufficiently good scholar to be his tutor, though I felt rather awkward as I mentioned, that of modern tongues I was almost wholly ignorant. My wife, too, was a little nervous at the idea of the responsibility we were about to incur, but the benevolent visitor gently ridiculed our scruples.

"Sir Frederick," said he, "has been for years abroad, with his mother, and is well versed in modern languages, but his classical education has been comparatively neglected. His studies in history, too, are probably somewhat backward; but it was the dying wish of my poor sister-in-law—a most excellent woman—that she should enter parliament, and assume that position which belongs to the head of the Stauntons. And I am sure, that Mrs. Harper, in spite of her youth, is the best of nurses in sickness, and—"

Just then in came the little maid with the tea-tray, and my wife looked a little confused and guilty at the sight of the thick bread and butter, the black tea-pot of Staffordshire make, and the mugs of milk and water for the children. But our guest put her at her ease by declaring himself tired and thirsty, and by asking, with a kind of gay seriousness, if I may use such a paradox, for a cup of tea. He had his cup of tea, praised its flavor, and accommodated himself amazingly well to the coarse brown sugar and the dull tea-spoon of German silver. During the meal, he talked away our remaining scruples so skillfully and genially, that we began (Jones included) to consider ourselves as predestined to develop the embryo greatness of the young county magnate whom our roof was to harbor; I assumed the didactic mien of a Johnson, while Clara put on her most matronly airs.

"And now, with your kind permission, I must tear myself away; your delightful society has already caused me to forget the flight of time," said Mr. Staunton at last; "but we shall meet again ere long, and my solicitor, Mr. Stokes, will call on you to adjust all needful formalities. Good-bye, Mrs. Harper. Mr. Harper, allow me to shake your hand; and yours also, Mr. Jones; and you, my little dears, will perhaps make an old gentleman happy with a kiss."

This last speech was addressed to my two little girls, aged respectively five and six; but I regret to state that these young ladies demurred, not from habitual coyness, for they were generally friendly enough with our guests, but from some curious antipathy which they had taken to our distinguished visitor. They clung to their mother's knees, cast furtive glances of infantine terror at the stranger, and sobbed out a vehement refusal to make Mr. Richard Staunton happy with a kiss.

But little Emma and little Kitty remained in the minority; the rest of us broke into a unanimous pean of praise, as soon as Mr. Staunton's stately form, a little, just a very little, stooped by years and study, had vanished down the dim vista of Paradise Row. Our benefactor, could we say too much in his honor! Such a noble, kind-hearted, disarming personage. He was so thoughtful, so considerate a patron, that his frank affability lightened the load of obligation which he conferred. His solicitude for his nephew's welfare, too, did him infinite credit. I mentioned Jones's scrap of gossip respecting Mr. Richard's reported disappointment at his brother's marriage and the birth of the heir, and we all agreed—Jones as well as Clara and I—that Mr. Richard was a pattern uncle and a most affectionate gentleman, and that common fame had basely calumniated his generous disposition. Presently, Jones wished us good-night, and went off, and we were left to wonder and to talk, and I hope, to give thanks that flushed from the heart, and uplifted themselves whether thanks should be paid, for the wondrous fortune that had fallen to our lot. Tears rose to my eyes still, as memory carried me back to that happy evening, when we sat, hand in hand, my young wife and I, talking in whispers, because our hearts were so full of a joy that had somehow solemmed it. It was then that Clara, after the children had been put to bed, timidly told me of her fears, long hidden in her own bosom, lest Emma and Kitty should be taken from us; and we then that she bade me remark—me whose perceptions had been dulled by hard work and daily cares—how very thin and pale were those pretty little faces, how large and hollow the thoughtful eyes, how frail the tenue of life, of our darlings, sickening in the unwholesome air of smoky Twisley. They wanted many things, those tender blossoms, which my lean purse and our melancholy place of residence denied them. Better clothing, good medical care, pure air, playfellows, the fresh, bright country-life—these had been sorely needed; but what was unattainable to the curate's children, would be within the reach of the vicar's daughters. In the health, the plenty, and the freedom of Oakleigh Parva, Kitty and Emma would expand like flowers in the sunshine; and, to cut matters short, so it proved. Mr. Stokes, the lawyer came duly to communicate Mr. Staunton's intentions. These were surprisingly liberal. He would advance me the money required to purchase the furniture of Mr. Thrumpt, the outgoing vicar, now bishop of Calcutta; this loan I might repay by moderate instalments from the stipend, and was to bear no interest. I scarcely knew how sufficiently to thank the worthy friend who had thus relieved me from the last of my difficulties, for I was quite unpreserved with the necessary six hundred pounds, and should have had to borrow at a high rate, but for Mr. Staunton's kind offer.

It was in good order, or would be so when a few purchases, such as a shower-bath and the like, had been made. But the bell-wire proved to be broken, and we had to get it repaired as best we might. There was, of course, no bell-hanger in Oakleigh Parva, and none in the neighboring village of Brambridge; but in Brambridge there was a blacksmith, who could, at a pinch, execute the desired repair, and I gave the necessary instructions to this descendant of Tubal Cain.

"Umpf!" said the man; "very well, sir. And so 'tis here the young Sir is to sleep; rather he than I, that's all I know." And the smith whistled a few bars as he unstrapped his wallet of tools. My curiosity was piqued—I asked for an explanation; but Jonathan Brown, the blacksmith, was not willing to be communicative. He only growled out that "luck was luck," and that "a most o' folks" had died, to be sure, in that chamber, on which some thought the "old monk's curse lay special heavy."

An old woman of the village proved more garrulous; she explained that the prior of the little monastic community, having been expelled with violence by the Stauntons, under warrant from King Henry VIII, had laid a solemn curse on them and theirs, on the acres left from the monks, and on the parsonage, which was to be given to a heretic incumbent. It was still firmly believed by the more superstitious villagers that at irregular periods the shadowy form of a ghostly monk, in cowl and robe of serge, passed noiselessly through the vicarage house and the haughty mansion of Staunton Dene, blighting those he breathed upon, and that death never failed to attend his bidding presence. Several deaths had occurred in the green chamber in particular, chiefly these of young members of the family, and for the most part blossoming girls, who had faded and pined under "the curse," until their dim eyes had looked their last at the emerald-tinted walls.

I did my best to keep these fantastic rumors from coming to Clara's ears, lest they should alarm her. For myself, I was rather annoyed than impressed by them. I was not by any means of a superstitious turn of mind, and I quietly set down the legend as an absurdly unworthy of a second thought. We were very, very happy at Oakleigh Parva, my wife recovered her good looks and sunny smile, both of which had become rarer than her early life, and the children soon grew rosy and plump of form, and thrrove wonderfully. Our new home, indeed, might have satisfied the cravings of much more fastidious folks than we were. Though ignorant, we were generally well disposed and grateful for any little kindness. It was such a pleasure, to Clara in especial, to meet with smiling faces and good-humored

trim lawn and shrubberies, the huge old sun-dial, that had told of the sun's march for centuries, the big old tithe-barn, and the paddock starry with daisies.

The rooms were for the most part small, but very comfortable, with their oak wainscots, and the Rev. Mr. Thrump's furniture was better than any that we had had the use of during our married life. Anything so heartfelt as the happiness of Clara and the children, on settling, I never beheld. There was no great hurry, for it was yet early spring, and our important pupil was not to come to us till the summer, but still we thought it best to assign his room at once.

"It must be the green room, my dear," said Clara, making an inward into the "study"—how little had I dreamed, two months earlier, of such learned retirement!—where I sat penning the first sermon I was to preach in the little pulpit of Oakleigh Parva—it must be the green room, my dear. No other will do at all."

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one, as I have said, took to him from the first, and so did a big spaniel about the house, which had been left behind by the Rev. Gibson Tharp, now Bishop of Calais. But the servants were evidently afraid of him, probably on account of his precious gravity and the chilly polish of his manners. He was very well bred, having mixed, though sparingly, in the best foreign society, and had nothing awkward or homely about his bearing. His abilities seemed very good, and his information far from scanty. He had travelled and observed much, had read many books, and conversed with many eminent persons; and though his remarks were characterized by great modesty, I felt as if my pupil were in many respects ahead of his master.

But I could not fathom his nature. He was tractable enough, and readily opened his books and submitted to an examination in his classical proficiency, but when I suggested an expedition to Staunton Dene, to have a look at the old Hall which must be long before his home, he quietly declined. I pressed the point, less from curiosity, than because I had a wish that he should benefit by air and exercise.

"No, Mr. Harper, I would rather not. I will not cross the threshold of that old house—much as I cherish a childish recollection of it—until I enter as its master, if ever I do so." And with these words he turned abruptly away.

Clara and I now agreed that pride, a false, perverted pride, was the true key to the character of this unhappy boy; and I thought it my duty to read him a long lecture on this score, as well as on his evident insensibility to the kindness and affection of his estimable guardian and uncle, Mr. Staunton. He listened to me with perfect equanimity, and then said, with a smile of, I will say, a most provoking character:

"Have you quite finished, Mr. Harper?"

"Quite," said I, sorrowfully.

"I am obliged for your good intentions. Do you happen to know the amount of the rental of the Staunton property?"

"About fifteen thousand a year, or nearly sixteen," said I, much surprised. "But pray, why do you ask?"

Sir Frederick did not seem to hear or heed my query.

"Fifteen thousand a year, or more," he muttered abstractedly, "an large accumulations, I suppose. The stake is a high one. Many a man has sold his soul for less."

And he sauntered off in a way that I could not but feel excessively unbecoming and subordinate, considering our positions as tutor and pupil. I did not get on very well with my charge. My wife was still less pleased with him, and took little pains to conceal her displeasure. She cared sedulously for his comfort, but as a matter of duty, and we both felt that his presence in the house was distasteful and wearisome. Yet he gave little or no cause for open complaint. He was very courteous to both Clara and me; uniformly kind to the children, who were his staunch friends, kind to the servants, who took an unaccountable fancy to him; kind to the dog, whose whole allegiance was transferred to him. He read as much or as little as he pleased, and at other times he went out alone, on horseback, or on foot with his fishing rod, and sought the loneliest and wildest nooks in the country-side.

Mr. Staunton sometimes wrote to inquire tenderly concerning his nephew's health and studies; and when I wrote in reply, I always asked Sir Frederick if he had any message to send, but his answer was always a negative.

There seemed to be some charm in this strange young man, visible to every one but my wife and me, for soon the villagers began to speak with praise to me of "young Sir Frederick," and to express bright hopes of the time when he should have the control of his own property. Then, too, I heard for the first time what was surely a calamity, that Mr. Richard Staunton was a hard landlord, mercilessly stern in exacting the last farthing due, no matter what might be the misfortunes of the tenant.

Very strange that, but Clara and I agreed that duty, and a care for his nephew's interests, must be the ruling passion with our benefactor. One day, Clara overheard the children whispering some garbled fragments of the legend of the ghostly monk who was rumored to haunt the parsonage. They had heard an old woman, Dame Bright, tell it to Sir Frederick when he stopped to chat with her at her cottage-door. Now it was this very Dame Bright from whom I had heard the weird tale, of which Clara had hitherto known nothing. Clara, who was gentle enough in general, was very angry now, she was indignant with Sir Frederick for "frightening the children with ghost-stories," and vowed to give him a hearty scolding. But the scolding was deferred, for my queer pupil did not come back at his usual hour, did not come to dinner, and when he did return at dusk, he was fatigued, wetted through by a storm of rain and sleet, and so haggard and wretched of aspect that the chiding words died away on Clara's lips.

"Dear me, how ill the poor boy looks!" exclaimed my wife, as the white, wan face of our guest glanced past the open door. "Do, Philip, make him drink something hot, and change his clothes at once. It's enough to kill him."

And Clara, instead of scolding Sir Frederick, ran to bid Susan get a hot bath ready, and warm the bed in the green room.

The next morning came, and the bell rang for prayers and breakfast, but no Sir Frederick Staunton appeared. I went upstairs, and found the young man very ill and feverish. The doctor was summoned, and the doctor came; not a very learned doctor, perhaps, but of very wide practice in a thinly populated country—a surgeon named Gooch.

"Agree, not a doubt of it," said Mr. Gooch, when the diagnosis was complete.

"Agree! You think so?" said I, anxiously; and Clara, who was always in terror of scar-

let fever and measles, for the little ones' sake, schooled me.

"Think so? sure of it," said the surgeon. "I've been five-and-thirty years a practitioner, and I ought to know. Pooch! my dear madam, no danger—none. I'll set him on his legs again in a jiffy."

And with this pledge, confidently spoken, off cantered the doctor; and presently the doctor's boy came over on his ambling pony with medicaments. Of course I thought it my duty to communicate what had occurred, by letter, to Mr. Staunton. I told him that Sir Frederick had been caught in the rain, that he had a slight attack of ague, that all possible care should be taken of him, and that the experienced surgeon of the district felt confident of a speedy cure. I added, to calm Mr. Staunton's natural anxiety, that I would soon write again.

I did soon write again, but not, alas! to communicate any tidings of a reassuring nature; Sir Frederick was very ill indeed, and fast getting worse. Mr. Gooch looked serious and puzzled. He would not admit that he had been wrong about the supposed ague, but he owned that there were singular and peculiar symptoms in the case, and that his experience was at fault.

"He doesn't eat opium, eh?" said the surgeon, mysteriously holding me by the button-hole. "Opium?" said I; "certainly not; of course not."

"Nor take quack nostrums? nor smoke too much cavendish, eh?"

I answered that Sir Frederick did not smoke, and that I believed him guiltless of the practice of swallowing empirical remedies.

"Umph!" said the doctor, knitting his brows, and scrambling into his weather-stiffened saddle again. The next day he was very minute in his inquiries as to the health of the family and domestics, and, to my no small surprise, insisted on making an incursion into the kitchen, and inspecting the saucepans, the tea-kettle, and all the rest of the culinary apparatus. But whatever he was looking for, he seemed baffled. He pumped himself a glass of fresh, cool water, sipped it, eyed it like a connoisseur examining the beeving in old port, and set down the glass with a sigh.

"Umph!" said the surgeon again, and off he went, with Care riding behind him on the spavined old bay. That night Sir Frederick was delirious.

Dame Bright, a notable person, half nurse, half charwoman, had been sent for at first to attend on the patient, since our maids were inexperienced in a sick room; but on the particular night on which the youth's reason began to wander, Clara avowed her firm intention to watch over the sufferer herself. My little wife was very soft-hearted, and I believe her conscience awoke her at the idea of having been angry with and averse to this poor, friendless lad, and she insisted on tending him in person. Clara was a capital nurse; and I could not but consent to her undertaking the duty, only bargaining that on the second night I or Mrs. Bright should take her place.

Be that as it may, Clara came down, with a very white face, to call me from the study, where I sat, a little after midnight, busy with letters and accounts. The house, of course, had been long hushed, but I could not bear to rest when Clara was wakeful and busy. My wife's pale cheeks startled me. "Come, come," she said; "I am frightened. The poor boy is saying such dreadful things in his delirium. He says—(here Clara began to sob)—he says we are butchers, and this house a shambles, and his uncle—only he never calls him his uncle—was a murderer from the beginning, and a Judas, and the father of lies. Come, come; it is shocking."

I went. The poor young man was tossing and turning in a violent paroxysm, rolling his head on the pillow, and stretching out his lean hands, as if to keep off some imaginary foe. His great eyes looked terribly hollow and bright, they glared meaninglessly; it was plain that he did not recognize us.

"Back, keep back!" he moaned. "I knew you from the first, smooth-tongued fiend that you are. He chose the room, mother, he—Richard Staunton. Nurse Bright saw him come to the empty house, and stand long in the open window of the accursed room, and grin—grin like a wolf, as he when he thought no eye was on him."

Here the feeble voice died away in murmurs.

"Gracious me, Clara!" said I, wiping my forehead, on which great drops of sweat gathered, "this is very horrid—shocking. Go down, love; this is no place for you."

"Hush! listen," said Clara, suddenly.

"So many have died here," moaned the sick lad; "the room is full of shadows—There is a curse on it. The moon walks—"

I saw him—he breathed on me, and his eyes glinted under his brows, and his breath was icy cold—cold. That was a dream; but the eyes made me tremble—they were Richard Staunton's eyes. How he hates me! I stand between him and wealth—the broad lands and the gold. Mother, mother, you did well to warn me, well to mistrust him, you read Murder in his eyes—long ago—he made my cradle."

Then the sufferer gasped for breath painfully. I tried to persuade Clara to give her refusal. I looked at her attentively by the dim light; in her face was written dismay, consternation, but no blank horror; on the contrary, there was a dawning intelligence that perplexed me.

"Hush! I see not a word," whispered my wife; "perhaps Heaven permits that we should defeat a crime."

"Can you suspect," I began.

Clara pressed my arm. Sir Frederick began to talk, first very vaguely, and in broken scraps of foreign tongues, then suddenly broke into the cry of a sick child:

"Take me away—to the pure air—away! I still here; I cannot breathe. I shall die—I shall die!"

I sat stunned by the magnitude of the enormous wickedness, suddenly revealed to me as by a lightning flash.

"I feared it—I feared as much. The poor lad said in his ravings that his mother had always suspected her brother-in-law, always—and that is why I would make you telegraph to London for Dr. T——" said my wife, weeping on my shoulder.

I have little more to tell. Sir Frederick,

Clara tenderly adjusted the pillows under the sufferer's head, and gave him some cooling drink. The poor fellow spoke no more, but groaned and tossed for a while, till the hot clutch of the fever relaxing for the moment, he sank into light slumber. Clara led me out of the room on tiptoe, and with her finger pressed on her lips. There was an air of mystery, almost of terror, in her comely face.

"Philip—husband, do not lose o-e moment; get the best advice."

"My dear," said I, hesitating, "Mr. Gooch—"

"Mr. Gooch is a dunce!" cried my wife impetuously. "What is wanted now is the judgment of some great doctor, whose knowledge and talent enable him to see what Mr. Gooch is blind to. Do send for Dr. T—— at once."

"My dear," said I, quite startled, "Dr. T——? why, what will Mr. Staunton say?"

"Never mind what he may say," returned Clara, obstinately pursing up her lips; "get Sir Frederick's horse saddled, ride as quick as you can to Minchcombe, and telegraph for Dr. T——"

I complied with Clara's wish, though with some misgivings. My telegram was soon replied to by an announcement that Dr. T——, one of the most eminent professional men of the day, would arrive at Oakleigh Parva within twelve hours. By the time the great London doctor arrived, Sir Frederick was worse. The delirium had returned again and again, fever fits had torn the patient, deadly chills had assailed him, and Mr. Gooch, who was very sulky when he heard of the summons to Dr. T——, feared the worst result. Curiously enough, Clara, whose general health was very good, was by this time nearly knocked up; she complained of violent headache, giddiness, and so forth, and was twice compelled to relinquish her post at the bedside of the sick boy from sheer exhaustion.

"It is very odd, dear, but I feel as if the room itself were a vault. The atmosphere seems stifling. I suppose it's all silly, nervous nonsense," said my brave little wife.

Dr. T—— arrived when the patient was in a delirious swoon, raving wildly and incoherently. He heard what we had to tell, felt Sir Frederick's pulse, looked in his face, and exchanged a few sentences with Mr. Gooch. Then he turned to the bed, and seemed to listen intently to the sufferer's broken words.

"He is talking sad stuff, doctor; not a grain of sense in a bushel of it," said the gruff surgeon.

"I differ from you, sir, on that point," returned the doctor blandly; "the instincts of a patient are not to be safely slighted. Much that we, in the pride of intellect, are accustomed to close our ears to, may prove a revelation of the utmost benefit to science."

Mr. Gooch growled out something very like an oath, and stumped off.

"Good-bye, Mr. Harper," said he, "I'm no use here, now, that meanly-mouthed 'new light' is come from town. I wish you a good evening."

Dr. T—— had his instruments and chemical apparatus, contained in a little Russia-leather case, without which he never travelled, placed it in the chamber, and begged to be left alone with the patient. He did not disguise his apprehensions—crisis must soon take place. Clara and I went down stairs to await in my study the next announcement of the physician. It was a sultry summer's night, and the air was heavy and still. We sat talking low, till the pale light of early morning came upon us like a ghost. An hour after this, Dr. T—— came down stairs with a smile on his good-humored, kind face.

"Saved!" cried my wife, catching the look of contentment with feminine quickness.

"I hope so," said the doctor; "but you must move him at once. Any other room will do; but no time is to be lost. I have found out the real phantom-monk, the true destroyer that haunts your best bed-room."

—Chamber's Journal.

removed to another room, skilfully attended, and well nursed, recovered, though very slowly. I felt it my duty to resign the living, giving as it had been by a wicked hand, and for an evil end. So I and mine had to go forth from the pleasant country home, once more to do battle with the world and poverty. We did not suffer much from this sacrifice to conscience. Sir Frederick, who had, as he owned, suspected us at first of being his uncle's instruments, now became our fast friend, and never scrupled to owe us to us, under Heaven, his escape from the greatest of earthly dangers. He was now out of peril. Mr. Richard Staunton was a cautious man, and when some powerful distant connections of the Staunton family, after hearing the doctor's statement, offered their home to be the young baronet's home until he should be master of his own lands, the guardian gave his consent. The heavy suspicions under which Mr. Staunton lay were merely hinted to him, but that hint was enough, and he was silent and discreet.

And it so happened that the very year succeeding that which saw Sir Frederick Staunton come of age, old Dr. Dozy died; and my former pupil presented me to the comfortable abiding of Bulleid, where we have spent many and many a happy year since the events here narrated.

OUT OF REACH.

To love thee, and be dumb. Never to look or word.

To break the silence set upon my soul:

To crush the voice that struggles to be heard:

Unmoved, to gaze on the forbidden goal.

To stand within the vestibule of Bliss:

To grasp alone the shadow of Delight:

To see and feel, but never taste of Peace;

Daily to live in an eternal night.

Awake, to dream of Love's undying song,

With expectation near akin to pain;

To hear its echoes as they float along;

But ne'er to catch its full melodious strain.

To sit and look into thine eyes, and yearn

To tell thee all my closely hoarded thought;

And still to know that I must faintly learn

To meet thy gaze, and yet to utter nought.

To watch the earnest smile upon thy face,

And picture joys that never can be born;

Or gem the Future with thy gentle grace,

As weepers decorate the dead they mourn.

To know there is no hope. Hourly to feel

That Destiny forbids a word—a breath;

This bitter fate is mine, until the seal

Is broken by the welcome hand of Death.

—Chamber's Journal.

A BAKED BIBLE.

There is a Bible in Lucas County, Ohio, which was once baked in a loaf of bread. It now belongs to Mr. Schebold, a worthy member of the United Brethren Church, who resides near Miamisburg City. Mr. Schebold is a native of Bohemia, and the baked Bible was originally the property of his grandfather, who was a faithful Protestant Christian in the times which tried men's souls. During one of the cruel persecutions which have been so common in Bohemia, an edict was passed that every Bible in the hands of the peasants should be delivered up to the authorities and destroyed. Various expedients were resorted to by the Bible-loving Protestants to preserve the precious Word of Life. Mrs. Schebold, grandmother of the present owner, placed hers in the centre of a batch of dough, which was ready for the oven, and baked it. The house was carefully searched, but no Bible was found; and when the tools of priestly tyranny had departed, and the danger was past, the Bible was taken uninjured from the loaf. It was printed one hundred and fifty years ago.

HOW TO JUDGE WEATHER SIGNS.—Admiral Fitzroy, in his instruction to meteorological observers, is careful not to cut off any source of information, as he especially notes that the observations of nature are to be watched. Thus, when sea birds fly out early, and far to seaward, fair weather may be anticipated; on the contrary, when they hang about the land, or fly inward, stormy weather is indicated.

We have not lost a single gun or color. On the battle-field of Antietam 14,000 small arms were collected, besides the large number carried off by citizens and those distributed on the grounds to the recruits and other unarmed men arriving immediately after the battle.

At South Mountain, no collection of small arms was made, owing to the haste of the pursuit from that point; 400 were taken on the opposite side of the Potomac.

NEWS ITEMS.

The question, "What becomes of all the pins?" is partly answered by one of the papers in Birmingham, England. An old sewer in that city, just opened for repairs for the first time in many years, was found to be paved with a deposit of countless millions of pins, compacted into a mass as hard as the slag from a blast-furnace. Every sewer town would probably furnish a similar spectacle.

JUDGE HOLT, of Kentucky, says that "no one can doubt the power of Mr. Lincoln to issue a proclamation of emancipation."

In London there are six public statues to kings, but one to a man of science, (Dr. Jenner) and none to a single author, artist, poet, inventor, or engineer.

GENERAL BUTLER will execute the confederate law of Congress rigidly. He is hated cordially, but with 110,000 people in New Orleans, he compels perfect order in and around the city. His manner is spoken of by the Southern sympathizers as more offensive than his acts. Nearly the whole population will take the oath to save their property.

REVEND POLITICIAN—Rev. Thomas Starr King has been named as a candidate for United States Senator from California to succeed Mr. Latham. In such an event, the case of Mr. King will be somewhat analogous to that of Mr. John A. Gurley, of Cincinnati, who is a Universalist clergyman. He is said to be an active polemic; and when nominated for Congress, an old Methodist remonstrated with a brother for supporting for office a man who did not believe in hell. "I do not mind that at all," was the reply; "Mr. Gurley will not be in Congress long before we will find out that there is a hell!"

JOHN PITTETT, candidate for Congress in the Eighth district of Indiana, and the same man who declared the Declaration of Independence a self-evident lie, made a speech a few days ago, in which he said: "If old Abe will just come to me, I'll tell him how to stop this rebellion. Extend slavery over every state in the Union, and the rebellion will be stopped in sixty days." That is a good idea—and the first slave made should be John Pittet.

THE MISSILES AT ANTIETAM.—I have been credibly informed that broken railroad iron and blacksmith's tools, hammers, chisels, &c., were fired at us from rebel cannon. Some of these missiles made a peculiar noise, resembling "which a way, which away," by which our men came to distinguish them from regular shot and shell, and as they heard them approaching, would cry "turkey! turkey coming!" and fall flat to avoid them. An artillerist, a German, when he saw the tools flying around him, exclaimed, "My God! we shall have the blacksmith's shop to come next!"

TAXATION IN DIXIE.—The new revenue bill before the rebel Congress provides for the levying on the first of January next, a tax one-fifth the value of the products of the land for the preceding year; one-fifth the value of the increase of horses, asses, cattle, sheep and swine; one-fifth the products made in feeding the same; and one-fifth the yearly income of each person. The rebels will pay dearly for their whistle.

The following is an exact copy of an inscription upon a grave-stone situated in New Boston, N. H.:

Sevilla,
daughter of
George and Sarah
Jones.
Murdered by
Henry N. Sargent,
July 13, 1862,
Aet. 17 yrs. & 9 mos.

Thus fell this lovely, blooming daughter, by the revengeful hand of a malicious Henry. When on her way to school he met her, and with a silk self-cocked pistol shot her.

GENERAL HALLECK has issued a circular calling upon the Governors of the several states to fill up the vacancies in the officers of their regiments by promoting men from the ranks.

It is clear that the capture of Savannah, Charleston and Mobile have been resolved upon by the administration, as a military and political necessity. The possession of these places will check the building of rebel fortifications in England, and save as much future trouble in case these lively tokens of British neutrality should by any chance succeed in running the blockade. As the case now stands, it looks as though they might quietly slip some dark night, into the hands of Farragut, under the stars and stripes, instead of the stars and bars.

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THE STOREKEEPERS OF PARIS, KY., sent their goods away to prevent them falling into the rebel hands. Two secessionists retained their stock and were bought out by the rebels, receiving Confederate money in payment. They were compelled to take it, or go to jail.

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POPE'S OFFICERS AT RICHMOND.

Captain C. N. Goulding, who was General Pope's chief quartermaster in the field, and was taken prisoner upon the occasion of Stuart's noted raid at Catlett's Station, is now exchanged, and has just returned from Richmond.

At Richmond, twenty-six of Pope's officers were confined in one room, which they were never permitted to leave for a single moment for any purpose whatever. One meal per day was all that was allowed them, which consisted of bread, meat, and water.

JUDGE HOLT, of Kentucky, says that "no one can doubt the power of Mr. Lincoln to issue a proclamation of emancipation."

In London there are six public statues to kings, but one to a man of science, (Dr. Jenner) and none to a single author, artist, poet, inventor, or engineer.

GENERAL BUTLER will execute the confederate law of Congress rigidly. He is hated cordially, but with 110,000 people in New Orleans, he compels perfect order in and around the city. His manner is spoken of by the Southern sympathizers as more offensive than his acts. Nearly the whole population will take the oath to save their property.

REVEND POLITICIAN—Rev. Thomas Starr King has been named as a candidate for United States Senator from California to succeed Mr. Latham. In such an event, the case of Mr. King will be somewhat analogous to that of Mr. John A. Gurley, of Cincinnati, who is a Universalist clergyman. He is said to be an active polemic; and when nominated for Congress, an old Methodist remonstrated with a brother for supporting for office a man who did not believe in hell. "I do not mind that at all," was the reply; "Mr. Gurley will not be in Congress long before we will find out that there is a hell!"

JOHN PITTETT, candidate for Congress in the Eighth district of Indiana, and the same man who declared the Declaration of Independence a self-evident lie, made a speech a few days ago, in which he said: "If old Abe will just come to me, I'll tell him how to stop this rebellion. Extend slavery over every state in the Union, and the rebellion will be stopped in sixty days." That is a good idea—and the first slave made should be John Pittet.

THE MISSILES AT ANTIETAM.—I have been credibly informed that broken railroad iron and blacksmith's tools, hammers, chisels, &c., were fired at us from rebel cannon. Some of these missiles made a peculiar noise, resembling "which a way, which away," by which our men came to distinguish them from regular shot and shell, and as they heard them approaching, would cry "turkey! turkey coming!" and fall flat to avoid them. An artillerist, a German, when he saw the tools flying around him, exclaimed, "My God! we shall have the blacksmith's shop to come next!"

TAXATION IN DIXIE.—The new revenue bill before the rebel Congress provides for the levying on the first of January next, a tax one-fifth the value of the products of the land for the preceding year; one-fifth the value of the increase of horses, asses, cattle, sheep and swine; one-fifth the products made in feeding the same; and one-fifth the yearly income of each person. The rebels will pay dearly for their whistle.

The following is an exact copy of an inscription upon a grave-stone situated in New Boston, N. H.:

Sevilla,
daughter of
George and Sarah
Jones.
Murdered by
Henry N. Sargent,
July 13, 1862,
Aet. 17 yrs. & 9 mos.

Thus fell this lovely, blooming daughter, by the revengeful hand of a malicious Henry. When on her way to school he met her, and with a silk self-cocked pistol shot her.

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DONATIONS.

THE PENN RELIEF ASSOCIATION FOR SICK AND WOUNDED SOLDIERS, gratefully acknowledge the following donations:

Henry M. Laing, \$300; Capt. Williams, \$100; Mary D. Brown, \$40; Yard, Gillmore & Co., \$50; Little Girls' Fair, \$27; Brown, Hill & Co., \$50; Campbell, J. Long, N. Trotter & Co., W. T. Cogg, Irwin, Stinson, J. T. Bailey & Co., each \$35; J. D. Brown, A. T. J. T. Jeanes, Ludwig, Kriegel, Wiest & Irwin, George Peterson, J. F. Verree, G. D. Parshall, H. H. G. Sharpless, each \$10; Children's Fair, per Dr. W. Esher, \$8; Dr. Allen, \$10; Dr. W. E. Baker, \$10; Dr. McLean, W. L. Lincoln, \$10; Dr. J. Friend, \$10; Dr. Black, H. B. & Coates, L. A. Longstreth, Dr. J. H. Ingram, Wm. Jones, J. J. Bailey, Bonelli Brothers, Mrs. Dr. Joines, Mrs. R. Bunting, J. Orie, W. C. Keech, W. Minster, C. W. Trotter, G. M. Ellington, R. Johnson, J. W. Ham, S. Gano, C. Mount, J. Kriegel, T. Way, P. Seeger, W. Baird, T. Finlay, W. Groves, R. W. Sawyer, F. Wells, J. C. Savery, Shuf & Womwng, V. Earl, A. Friend, H. B. D., A. R. Little, W. C. Kent, W. Baker, C. Smith, Garrettson, Brady, Price, H. W. H. Smith, H. H. Smith, H. Smith, W. H. W. Smith, J. H. Johnson, C. Folwell, R. Platte, each \$2; J. Tomlinson, H. Welsh, H. Sterling, A. Henzey, H. Weinger, T. A. Mehl, H. A. Rogers, S. H. Evans, W. S. Bishop, Dr. W. Sawyer, E. Lukens, H. Van Boll, T. Cochran, J. P. Wood, G. M. Abberger, H. C. Cary, M. Michael, C. Gilpin, Clerk of the Orphan's Court, W. B. Mann, P. S. White, C. Ferrol, W. H. Kern, J. P. Robertson, J. T. R. H. V. & J. T. G. J. Clark, T. E. Taylor, W. P. Moore, W. Granger, A. Parker, J. Parker, W. C. Brown, E. Huber, C. Smith, B. Allard, J. W. Thomas, J. Hughes, W. H. Peckin, E. Thomas, A. Friend, M. H. Needles, Mrs. Broadhead, A. Friend, J. Lippincott, H. Dickinson, A. Friend, M. Platt, A. Friend, each \$1; L. Hawley, J. Parker, each 50 cents; M. Allen, 25 cents; Cash, \$60; M. Balderston, \$2; collected by S. C. Canby, Mrs. Smith, \$50.

The use of Spring Garden Institute, by the members of the Board of Directors, \$100.

James K. Kent, Santeet & Co., 300 yards curtain muslin, \$1. Whittaker, C. Smith, Clothing Employees, Wm. Baird, 50 shirts; I barrel wine, Hon. C. L. Gorring; 1 box, do, J. F. Havikoff; 1 barrel Springer Harbaugh, all of Pittsburgh. The use of sewing machine, 9 doz spools cotton, 1 doz needles, Groce & Baker; 1 piece redannel, Smith, Williams & Co.; 100 pounds soap, H. D. Elkins & Sons; 1 doz, J. S. Lovering; do, Taylor & Son; 1 doz, Mrs. S. H. Shewell, W. C. Bowler & Co.; 1 piece, do; J. J. Lytle, a piece redannel; 1 barrel, Mrs. Knobell, J. Johnson, L. Thomas, F. T. Kirk, H. Hall, A. Friend, C. Folwell, R. Platte, each \$2; J. Tomlinson, H. Welsh, H. Sterling, A. Henzey, H. Weinger, T. A. Mehl, H. A. Rogers, S. H. Evans, W. S. Bishop, Dr. W. Sawyer, E. Lukens, H. Van Boll, T. Cochran, J. P. Wood, G. M. Abberger, H. C. Cary, M. Michael, C. Gilpin, Clerk of the Orphan's Court, W. B. Mann, P. S. White, C. Ferrol, W. H. Kern, J. P. Robertson, J. T. R. H. V. & J. T. G. J. Clark, T. E. Taylor, W. P. Moore, W. Granger, A. Parker, J. Parker, W. C. Brown, E. Huber, C. Smith, B. Allard, J. W. Thomas, J. Hughes, W. H. Peckin, E. Thomas, A. Friend, M. H. Needles, Mrs. Broadhead, A. Friend, J. Lippincott, H. Dickinson, A. Friend, M. Platt, A. Friend, each \$1; L. Hawley, J. Parker, each 50 cents; M. Allen, 25 cents; Cash, \$60; M. Balderston, \$2; collected by S. C. Canby, Mrs. Smith, \$50.

Total, according to census of 1860, \$3,400,015.

The natural increase will probably make the aggregate at the present time about 3,500,000.—*Baltimore Sun*.

DISMISSED FROM THE SERVICE.

Major John Key, additional Aide-de-Camp in the United States service, has been dismissed under the following circumstances: An officer had reported that Major Key, in reply to the question why McClellan did not move on the rebels and crush them on the day following the great battle of Antietam, said, "Because that was not the programme. The programme is to prolong the war until the next Presidential election, and then settle it with the rebels on the old Democratic principles." The President summoned before him the officer who reported the language, also Major Key. The former acknowledged having made the remark, and proceeded to justify it, but failing to convince the President, he was dismissed from the service. Key was an aid of Gen. Hallock, and is said to approve the policy which he gave as the reason for action. Of course the real reason was the fatigue and prostration of the army on that all-important Thursday.

SLAVES IN THE SOUTH.—Should the rebellion continue in its present shape until the 1st of January next, the number of slaves which will on that day be emancipated, under the proclamation of the President, will be as follows:

Alabama,	435,132
Arkansas,	111,104
Florida,	31,738
Georgia,	462,232
Louisiana,	323,010
Mississippi,	496,696
North Carolina,	331,061
South Carolina,	402,541

Wil and Humor.

THE DRAFT IN BALDINSVILLE.

BY ARTEMUS WARD.

If I'm drafted I shall resign.

Deeply grateful for the unexpected honor thus conferred upon me, I shall feel compelled to resign the position in favor of some more worthy person. Modesty is what ails me. That's what's kept me under.

I meaner say I shall have to resign if I'm drafted everywhere I've bin inrold. I must now, furriturin, be inrold in upwards of 200 different towns. If I'd kept on travelin' I should hav eventually becom a Brigadier, in which case I could have held a meetin' and elected myself a Brigadier-general quite manmous. I hadn't no idea there was so many of me before. But, seriously, I concluded to stop exhibitin', and make tracks for Baldinsville.

My only daughter threw herself onto my bosom, and said, "It is me fayther! I thank the gods!"

She reads the Ledger.

"Tip us yer bunch of fives, olk faker!" said Artemus, Jr. He reads the Clipper.

My wife was to the sewin' circle. I knew she and the winin' folks was havin' a pleasant time slanderin' the females of the other sewin' circle, (which likewise met that afternoon, and was doubtless enjoyin' themselves equally well in slanderin' the fast named circle), as I didn't send for her. I allus like to see people injur themselves.

My son Orgasmus was playin' onto a float.

Orgasmus is a clercal case. The twins was biddin' cub-houses in a corner of the kitchin.

It'll cost some postage-stamps to raise this family, and yet it'd go hard with the old man to lose any lamb of the flock.

An old bachelor is a poor critter. He may have hearn the skylark or (what's nearly the same thing) Miss Kellogg and Carlotta Pattin sing; he may have hears Ole Bull fiddle, and all the Dodworths too, an' yet he don't know nothin' about music—the real, genuine thing—the music of the laughter of happy, well-fed children! And you may ax the father of such children home to dinner, feelin' werry sure there'll be no spsons missin' when he goes away. Such fathers never drop in five-cent pieces into the contribution box, nor pa in shoe-pegs off onto blind horses for oats, nor skeedoo to British ale when their country's in danger—nor do anything which is really mean. I don't mean to intimate that the old bachelor is up to little games of this sort—not at all—but I repeat, he's a poor critter. He don't live here; he only stays. He ought to apologize, on behalf of his parents, for bein' here at all. The happy married man dies in good style at home, surrounded by his weeping wife and children. The old bachelor don't die at all—he sort of rots away, like a pollywog's tail.

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That, said I, is cheering. That's soothing. And Washington will be safe. [Sensation] Philadelphia is safe. General Patterson's is in Philadelphia. But my heart bleeds particly for Washington. My wife says so too.

There's money enough. No trouble about money. They've got a lot of first class bank-note engravers at Washington (which place, I regret to say, is by no means safe) who turn out two or three cords of money a day—good money, too. Goss well. These bank note engravers make good wages. I expect they lay up property. They are full of Union sentiment. There is considerable Union sentiment in Virginia, more specially among the honest farmers of the Shenandoah valley. My wife says so too.

What's them? Is it calvary?"

"That," said the landlord, "is the stage. Sixteen able-bodied citizens has lately b'ot the stage line 'twixen here and Snootsburgh. That's them. They're stage-drivers. Stage-drivers is exempt."

I saw that each stage-driver carried a letter in his left hand.

"The mail is heavy to-day," said the landlord. "Gin'rally they don't have more'n half a dozen letters 'ween 'em. To day they're got one apiece! Hile my lights and liver!"

And the passengers?"

"There ain't any, skacey, now a-days," said the landlord, "and what few there is, very much prefer to walk, the roads is so rough."

"And how is it with you?" I inquired of the editor of the Bugle-Horn of Liberty, who sat near me.

"I can't go," he sed, shakin his hed in a wise way. "Ordinary I should delight to wade in gore, but my bleedin' country bids me stay at home. It is imperatively necessary that I remain here for the purpose of announcing from week to week, that our Gov'ment is about to take vigorous measures to put down the rebellion!"

I strolled into the village oyster saloon, where I found Dr. Schwaizer, a leadin' citizen, in a state of mind which showed that he'd been histin' in more'n his share of pizen.

"Hello, old Beeswax," he beltered; "how's yer grandmams? When you goin' to feed your stuffed animals?"

"What's the matter with the eminent physician?" I pleasantly inquired.

"This," he said, "this is what's the matter. I'm a habitual drunkard! I'm exempt!"

"Jes' so."

"Do you see them beans, old man?" and he pointed to a plate before him. "Do you see 'em?"

"I do. They are a cheerful fruit when used temprily."

"Well," said he, "I hain't eat anything since last week. I eat beans now because I eat beans then. I never mix my vittles!"

TROUBLED WITH HUMOR.—An applicant for exemption on account of physical disability, informed the examining physician that he was troubled with heart disease. The doctor told him to run up and down the stairs leading to his office once or twice. The applicant did this, when the physician, after listening to the motions of the heart, said: "You will pass, sir; a dollar if you please."

"But, doctor," said the man, "let me run down stairs once more, and then try me." The doctor assented; the man ran down stairs, and forgot to come back.—*New Bedford Mercury.*

This is a specimen of how things was goin' in my place of residence.

A few was true blue. The schoolmaster

was among 'em. He greeted me warmly. He said I was welkin to those shores. He said I had a massy mind. It was gratifyin', he said, to see that great intellect stalkin' in their midst once more. I have before had occasion to notice this schoolmaster. He is evidently a young man of far more than ordinary talents."

The schoolmaster proposed we should git up a mass meetin'. The meetin' was largely attended. We held it in the open air, round a roarin' bonfire.

The schoolmaster was the first orator. He's pretty good on the speak. He also writes well, his composition bein' seldom marred by ingrammaticians. He said this inactivity surprised him. "What do you expect will come of this kind of doin'?" *Nihil fit.*

"Hoorsay for *Nihil fit!*" I interrupted. "Fellow-citizens, let's give three cheers for *Nihil fit!* the man who fit!"

The schoolmaster turned a little red, but repeated—"Nihil fit."

"Exactly," I said. "Nihil fit. He wasn't a strategy filler."

"Our venerable friend," said the schoolmaster, smilin' pleasant, "isn't posted in *Virgil*."

"No, I don't know him. But if he's a able-bodied man he must stand a little draft."

The schoolmaster wound up in eloquent style, and the subscriber took the stand.

I said the crisis had not only cum itself, but it had brought all its relations. It has cum, I said, with a evident intention of makin' us a good long visit. It's goin' to take off its things and stop with us. My wife says so too. This is a good war. For those who like this war, it's just such a kind of war as they like. I'll bet ya. My wife says so too. If the Federal army succeeds in takin' Washington, and they seem to be advancing' that way pretty often, I shall say it's strategy, and Washington will be safe. And that noble banner, as it were—that banner, as it were—will be a emblem, or rather, I should say, that noble banner—as it were. My wife says so too. [I got a little mixed up here, but they didn't notice it. Keep mun J. Feller citizens, it will be a proud day for this Republic when Washington is safe. Gloucester, Massachusetts, is safe. Gen. Fremont is there. No danger of Gloucester, Massachusetts, a long as Gen. Fremont's there. And may the day be not far distant when I can say the same of Washington. But if it is saved, it will be by strategy. Vermont will soon be safe. Gen. Phelps is comin' home. Let us all rejoice that Vermont is about to be safe. My wife says so too.

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